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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE mass meeting in Ulster held during the past week goes to emphasise the enormous difficulties which attend any attempt to introduce Home Rule to Ireland, where a great portion of the wealth is concentrated in the North, and the population is composed of a number of extremely diverse elements. No Home Rule Bill, however carefully conceived, has as yet met the needs of an island which must often haunt the sleep of responsible legislators as a nightmare. The question of Home Rule, now once again to the front, will be treated in the columns of THE ACADEMY in a series of articles, the first, by Sir Charles Walpole, having already appeared. The next will be from the pen of Professor Kettle, a writer thoroughly equipped to deal with this complicated subject. The aim of these articles will be to discuss dispassionately and without heat the matter which is so vital to the interests of our neighbours, and we shall consider carefully any contributions from outside sources which may tend to throw light upon it.

The terrible catastrophe which has befallen the French Navy during the present week in the loss of a first-class battleship and over two hundred men has drawn forth on all sides that heartfelt sympathy which is so pleasant, and, alas! so impotent a corollary of all great disasters. "Peace hath her victories"—and her terrors, if we must interpret peace in the terms of preparedness for war; under the present relationship of countries and communities it is to be feared

that we must so interpret the word. The most rigid inquiry will of course be made into the causes of the explosion, and we sincerely hope that the suggestion of *sabotage* which has been mentioned will prove to be unfounded—if, indeed, proof can possibly be obtained in such a chaos. We add our expressions of sympathy to those of our daily contemporaries, and trust that in some indirect way, obscure at the moment, good may result from the disaster. The handling of high-power modern explosives is always a precarious matter, and if this is perfected by reason of the event which we deplore, some little compensation may ensue.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the Wells-Johnson encounter during the last few days, and many poor scribes must have rejoiced at the outcry which gave them an opportunity to earn an extra guinea or two by the "topical" article. One of the most sensible dissertations on the subject was from the pen of Mr. Hall Caine, and appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday last. Not that we include him among the "poor scribes"—heaven forbid! but we cannot refrain from a smile when we see the distinguished Manx author invited to give his opinions when any event threatens to become a matter of national interest. This time his contribution is well worth reading; he sees clearly the problem which confronts the Home Secretary; he also perceives how awkwardly the case is complicated by the fact that one of the combatants is of the negro race, and he concludes that "the proposed boxing-match is essentially a prize-fight, and as such it ought, by the most elementary law of civilised society, to be stopped." An aspect of the affair which seems to us regrettable is the enormous amount of attention being paid to it—an amount disproportionate, surely, to its intrinsic importance. True, we are a "sporting" nation; we like to shine in the eyes of the world as a people of brawn and muscle, to say nothing of brains; but, as with a football-match, where scores of thousands pay to watch a handful of salaried men play what is humorously known as a "game," there seems something wrongheaded in the notion of the crowd eagerly paying to watch two men fight to the knock-out. Boxing is one of the finest physical arts, but, despite the arbitrary and protective rules of the ring, the public "boxing-match" seems fated to become that ignominious and degrading thing, a fight for money.

Reports of a new comet or two are being vigorously circulated by amateur astronomers, and Brooks' comet, due every seven years or so within our ken, has made its bow. Gallant little Brooks is several months late, possibly having been dallying with a planet or two by the way, but he is welcome, though small, since he will probably bring interesting messages to industrious investigators. He cannot hope to rival Halley's comet, which was supposed to fill the heavens last year, but contented itself with filling innumerable columns in sensational newspapers. Comets are "uncertain, coy, and hard to please" as any woman, and even the elect never know whether their tails will be lengthy and brilliant, or the dullest, as it were, of short stories; whether the visitor will

fire the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shake pestilence and war,

or will come and peep quietly at that strange planet Earth and steal off meekly into the lonely depths of space to ponder over what he has seen. Let us rejoice that little Brooks, who is now peering at us over the tail of the Great Bear, did not arrive a couple of months ago. His impressions might have been worth recording, but they would hardly have been very flattering.

A SONG IN OLD PLYMOUTH

Her name it was *Florenzia*,
 Her sails they were of silk,
 The ladies of Valencia
 Have hands as white as milk.
 Hands as white as milk have they,
 And blue eyes like the sea;
 But I've a lass in Plymouth Bay
 That is more dear to me.
 The ladies of Castile, Castile,
 Have skins as fair as wax;
 The worth of many a goodly keel
 Is sewn upon their backs.
 O satin, silk, and velvet,
 The ladies wear in Spain,
 I would that through my helmet
 My love's eyes looked again.
 My love, she moves about her room
 In a gown of woven stuff;
 Upon her loom, her own loom,
 She wove it fair enough.
 My little love in Plymouth town,
 She has no gold to wear;
 She pulls the rowan berries down
 To twine among her hair.
 We sank the white *Florenzia*
 Among the tides to sleep;
 The ladies of Valencia
 May wring their hands and weep.

ETHEL TALBOT.

"CODLIN'S THE FRIEND, NOT SHORT"

WHEN the recent General Election was in progress, Mr. Lloyd George, whilst praising the Labour members generally in a patronising sort of way, and his Socialist "friend Lansbury" in particular, was always impressing on his hungry audiences that he was "the friend."

The birth of Codlin's friendship for Little Nell was coincident with the discovery that there would very likely flow from it an advantage personal to himself. In order however to obtain the full value of that benefit it was necessary to discredit Short.

At Bow Mr. Lloyd George, ostentatiously proclaiming that Mr. Lansbury was in deed and in fact his one and only friend, adduced for his own credit astonishing figures, a great parade of insurance nostrums, and touching protestations of an almost divine sympathy with the woes and troubles of his hearers. By these means he discounted Mr. Lansbury's pretensions to be considered really the important person. "Short's very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short."

Mr. Lansbury was for a time very proud of the Chancellor's patronage, and presented an inflated chest when he took the oath and his seat for Bow and Bromley.

Only after the provisions of the Insurance Bill began to be realised, did ingenuous Mr. Lansbury begin to perceive that astute Mr. Lloyd George had been using him as a pawn, and that it was time to jettison his whilom friend in order to appear in his chosen character. Mr. Lansbury therefore spoke disparagingly of his former patron:—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer knew perfectly well the only manner by which he could hold the Liberal party

together was by keeping rich men with him, and the only way to keep them was by forming some kind of scheme which would give the workers the minimum advantage, and at the same time do a minimum of harm to other people.

Bitter words about a former crony, but quite necessary to enable Mr. Lansbury to pose and exclaim "I'm the real open-hearted man. I mayn't look it, but I am indeed."

Exit Mr. Lansbury, and enter the Trades Union Congress, Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Keir Hardie. The story is the same. The great panacea is not wanted. It is seen to be unsound in finance, and declared to be unjust to the aspirations of the insured.

In the days when over a course of months, we demonstrated that the Chancellor's People's Budget furnished conclusive evidence that he was ignorant of some of the elementary principles of finance, the Labour members who were then under the wand of the magician, waxed wroth that such injurious remarks should be made anent their idol. It is the irony of the lapse of time, that they are now echoing these very criticisms, as well as advancing others, against the Insurance Scheme.

Mr. Lloyd George writing for the edification of the electors of Kilmarnock stated that for every fourpence paid by the workman under the Insurance scheme, he will receive benefits worth ninepence. Mr. Keir Hardie's calculation is different. His computation is that for a benefit amounting to one penny per week, the workman is called on under the scheme to pay eightpence either directly or indirectly in contributions on the one hand and in deductions from wages and in taxes on the other. Mr. Snowden, a very practical, moderate, and logical thinker, wrote to Kilmarnock:—

Mr. Lloyd George either does not know the finances of his own Bill, or his letter to the Liberal candidate is a wilful misrepresentation of the facts. His statements are not true. It is a very painful thing that a Minister should attempt to force upon the public a Bill which they did not want, and to do it by unfounded promises.

The Unholy Alliance as regards the loyalty of one of its component parts is indeed in a parlous condition.

There can be little doubt that the Labour contention is the correct one. In a series of authoritative articles, very ably edited by Sir William Bull, which appeared in THE ACADEMY and which will shortly be republished in pamphlet form, the Insurance scheme was handled by writers of various political tendencies. It was shown that its machinery was unsound in essentials, inadequately elaborated, and unable to survive the test of reasoned and intelligent criticism.

We have before insisted that the various interests of this country demand that the Ministers entrusted with the task of legislation should be chosen from the ranks of those whose education, knowledge, and experience specially fit them for the posts to which they are appointed. In what branch of commerce could success be reasonably hoped for if the conduct of the business were entrusted to a man of parts and talent perhaps, but whose whole training and experience have been directed in other grooves? We renew our protest against the adoption in the realm of the science of Government of a system which if it were possible to conceive of its adoption in any other sphere would be bound to produce disaster.

The vicious system which has grown up of viewing the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer as the immediate avenue of access to the office of Prime Minister may well blur the vision of able and ambitious men, who are possessed of genius, but whose attributes have no relation to ability in finance.

CECIL COWPER.

ON DROPPING ANCHOR

By H. BELLOC

THE best noise in all the world is the rattle of the anchor chain when one comes into harbour at last and lets it go over the bows.

You may say that one does nothing of the sort, that one picks up moorings, and that letting go so heavy a thing as an anchor is no business for you and me. If you say that you are wrong. Men go from inhabited place to inhabited place, and for pleasure from station to station, then pick up moorings as best they can, usually craning over the side and grabbing as they pass, and cursing the man astern for leaving such way on her and for passing so wide. Yes, I know that. You are not the only man who has picked up moorings. Not by many many thousands. Many moorings have I picked up in many places, none without some sort of misfortune; therefore do I still prefer the rattle of the anchor chain.

Once—to be accurate, seventeen years ago—I had been out all night by myself in a boat called the *Silver Star*. She was a very small boat. She had only one sail; she was black inside and out, and I think about one hundred years old. I had hired her of a poor man, and she was his only possession.

It was a rough night in the late summer when the rich are compelled in their detestable grind to go to the Solent. When I say it was night I mean it was the early morning, just late enough for the rich to be asleep aboard their boats, and the dawn was silent upon the sea. There was a strong tide running up the Medina. I was tired to death. I had passed the Royal Yacht Squadron grounds, and the first thing I saw was a very fine and noble buoy—new-painted, gay, lordly—moorings worthy of a man!

I let go the halyard very briskly, and I nipped forward and got my hand upon that great buoy—there was no hauling of it in-board; I took the little painter of my boat and made it fast to this noble buoy, and then immediately I fell asleep. In this sleep of mine I heard, as in a pleasant dream, the exact motion of many oars rowed by strong men, and very soon afterwards I heard a voice with a Colonial accent swearing in an abominable manner, and I woke up and looked—and there was a man of prodigious wealth, all dressed in white, and with an extremely new cap on his head. His whiskers also were white and his face bright red, and he was in a great passion. He was evidently the owner or master of the buoy, and on either side of the fine boat in which he rowed were the rowers, his slaves. He could not conceive why I had tied the *Silver Star* to his magnificent great imperial moorings, to which he had decided to tie his own expensive ship, on which, no doubt, a dozen as rich as himself were sailing the seas.

I told him that I was sorry I had picked up his moorings, but that, in this country, it was the common courtesy of the sea to pick up any spare moorings one could find. I also asked him the name of his expensive ship, but he only answered with curses. I told him the name of my ship was the *Silver Star*.

Then, when I had cast off, I put out the sweeps and I rowed gently, for it was now slack water at the top of the tide, and I stood by while he tied his magnificent yacht to the moorings. When he had done that I rowed under the stern of that ship and read her name. But I will not print it here, only let me tell you it was the name of a ship belonging to a fabulously rich man. Riches, I thought then and I think still, corrupt the heart.

Upon another occasion I came with one companion across the bar of Orford River, out of a very heavy wind outside

and a very heavy sea. I just touched as I crossed that bar, though I was on the top of the highest tide of the year, for it was just this time in September, the highest springs of the hunter's moon.

My companion and I sailed up Orford River, and when we came to Orford Town we saw a buoy, and I said to my companion, "Let us pick up moorings."

Upon the bank of the river was a long line of men, all shouting and howling, and warning us not to touch that buoy. But we called out to them that we meant no harm. We only meant to pick up those moorings for a moment, so as to make everything snug on board, and that then we would take a line ashore and lie close to the wharf. Only the more did those numerous men (whom many others ran up to join as I called) forbid us with oaths to touch the buoy. Nevertheless, we picked up the little buoy (which was quite small and light) and we got it in-board, and held on, waiting for our boat to swing to it. But an astonishing thing happened! The boat paid no attention to the moorings, but went careering up river carrying the buoy with it, and apparently dragging the moorings along the bottom without the least difficulty. And this was no wonder, for we found out afterwards that the little buoy had only been set there to mark a racing point, and that the weights holding the line of it to the bottom were very light and few. So it was no wonder the men of Orford had been so angry. Soon it was dark, and we replaced the buoy stealthily, and when we came in to eat at the Inn we were not recognised.

It was on this occasion that was written the song:—

The men that lived in Orford stood
Upon the shore to meet me;
Their faces were like carven wood,
But they did not wish to greet me.
&c.

It has eighteen verses.

I say again, unless you have moorings of your own—an extravagant habit—picking up moorings is always a perilous and doubtful thing, fraught with accident and hatred and mischance. Give me the rattle of the anchor chain!

I love to consider a place which I have never yet seen, but which I shall reach at last, full of repose and marking the end of those voyages, and security from the tumble of the sea.

This place will be a cove set round with high hills on which there shall be no house or sign of men, and it shall be enfolded by quite deserted land; but the westerling sun will shine pleasantly upon it under a warm air. It will be a proper place for sleep.

The fair-way into that haven shall lie behind a pleasant little beach of shingle, which shall run out aslant into the sea from the steep hillside, and shall be a breakwater made by God. The tide shall run up behind it smoothly, and in a silent way, filling the quiet hollow of the hills, brimming it all up like a cup—a cup of refreshment and of quiet, a cup of ending.

Then with what pleasure shall I put my small boat round, just round the point of that shingle beach, noting the shoal water by the eddies, and the deeps by the blue colour of it where it runs from the main into the fair-way. Up that fair-way shall I go, up into the cove, and the gates of it shall shut behind me, headland against headland, so that I shall not see the open sea any more, though I shall still hear its distant noise. But all around me, save for that distant echo of the surf from the high hills, will be silence, and the evening will already be gathering.

Under that falling light, all alone in such a place, I shall let go the anchor chain, and let it rattle for the last time. My anchor will go down into the clear salt water with a run, and when it touches I shall pay out four lengths or more so

that she may swing easily and not drag, and then I shall tie up my canvas and fasten all for the night, and get me ready for sleep. And that will be the end of my sailing.

PLYMOUTH: PRESENT

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

"The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds,—
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
'They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!"
—KIPLING.

As I sit writing these words, on the low wall of the little watch-tower that has been a familiar feature of Plymouth Hoe for so many years, the battleship *Orion*, latest addition to our Navy, symbol of England's power, lies anchored within the Breakwater. A thin veil of smoke poised above one of her funnels is the only indication of life she gives; yet we know that this immense mass of iron and steel and complicated mechanism, the world's greatest warship, can thrash through the seas at 21 knots per hour or more, that her hull conceals engines of 27,000 horse-power, and that she is the first to mount that new deadly weapon, the 13'5in. gun, which throws a shell weighing 1,250lb., calculated to penetrate at a range of 3,000 yards the finest armour-plating ever constructed. Under the wooded heights of Mount Edgcumbe lies the *Theseus* cruiser, tender to the gunnery school; and in the Sound are two more cruisers, peaceful as the pleasure-steamers that hurry round the pier, and far less fussy.

Over the blue waters, bathed in sunshine, a broad, bluff-bowed Great Western steamer is wandering to and fro, apparently with no special business in hand; but a tiny cloud of vapour, miles away, signifies the liner homeward-bound from Australia, by whose deep flanks the red-funnelled tender will presently nestle, her pride gone, her importance overwhelmed by the towering decks of the visitor. Down harbour come a couple of destroyers, shearing green arches tipped with foam from their sharp bows; out from the estuary of the Plym a tramp-steamer labours, in ballast, her screw plainly visible, kicking flounders of white water that trail behind, beautifully clean, as though a dingy dress should disclose exquisite billowy laces; and a bevy of brown sails at the eastern entrance tells that some boats of the fishing-fleet are slowly forging into the haven. In an hour the heights of Stadden and Bovisand will be green and gold, flaming to the ardent eye of the setting sun, and long before the silver-grey afterglow has faded to dark the Eddystone (fourteen miles out) will be casting its watchful eye round the wide Channel. The Breakwater lighthouse will follow suit; the little pharos of Batten will wink persistently through the gathering gloom; half a dozen buoys, anxious not to be forgotten, will blink in a mute chorus of coloured rays throughout the night:—

From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness,
and voe
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of
England go!

The great liner will glide up Channel with her blaze of brilliant portholes; the battleship and her smaller companions will exist merely as shadows tipped with quivering gleams; and the silence will be broken only by the impatient whistle of some belated tug, the shout of a sailor, or the quiet, intermittent ripple at the edge of the rocks.

Such is Plymouth Sound, and so, day after day, night after night, goes on its traffic and its beauty—for it is ever

beautiful, even when seen through a shimmering veil of rain. Maritime, above everything, is the life of Plymouth to-day; her people seek the Hoe in their hours of leisure, love of the sea and its ways being in their blood. The boom of the big guns shakes the windows of the town; the sirens of the warships whoop and groan and howl, a curve of sound that it is difficult not to visualise, at any time of day or night; the low diapason of the liners' horns mutters dreamily of countries of spice and sandalwood on the other side of the world. The taste of salt spray is in the very air when the south-west wind is blowing.

When other winds prevail, from the north-west round to the east, Plymouth sometimes finds a mysterious fragrance borne over her hills and hollows, and knows that gorse or heather is blooming on the mighty moorlands behind—the tors of which can be seen clearly from the Hoe, frowning, sombre, and slightly sad, as though brooding at their eternal separation from the sea. I have walked across the moor from Exeter to Plymouth in a single day, and have marked my approach to the town I love by the fugitive gleam of the Eddystone as, towards night, I gained the shelter of a hostelry at Princetown, sixteen miles or so inland, perched on a spur of the moor. On the fringe of those hills, as all visitors to the West Country should know, is some of the loveliest scenery in Devon. No giant posters flaunt its praises on wall or hoarding; it hides in valleys, at the edge of brawling streams, far from any sound of locomotive or coach-horn; but, like all very beautiful things, it is well worth the seeking.

And of Plymouth itself, curious mixture of old and new, of modern shops and ancient byways, what shall we say? We have glanced at its history, and the stranger within its gates will do well to remember the names connected with its past glory, for they will often greet his eye, in spite of the undeniable fact that the town is rapidly becoming modernised by the relentless hand of the "improver." Progress has its penalties; many a delightful corner has fallen at the fiat of the housebreaker; but the old churches, the Citadel, and a few of the odd, crooked streets still remain. Of the churches, St. Andrew's, affectionately known in the district as the "Old Church," is the most famous. I came across an interesting note referring to this church quite by accident. In the year 1823, "the next presentation to the vicarage of St. Andrew, in this borough, was sold by auction for £5,050. Mr. Hatchard, the bookseller of Piccadilly, was the purchaser."

Plymouth, like London, is "a good place to get away from," but more because of its many rivers, and their attractions, than any objectionable attribute of the town. The Tamar, dividing Devon and Cornwall, is navigable for many miles, and Drayton hymned its waters gallantly:—

Proud Tamer swoopes along, with such a lustie traine
As fits so brave a flood, two Countries that dividez.

Its "train" at the present day is half a fleet of battle craft, from the obsolete wooden vessels, now used as training-ships, to the latest floating gun-platform devised by modern science and skill. But above Brunel's magnificent bridge, spanning the river at Saltash, the arts of war give place to scenes of tranquil splendour to which no "guide to the West" ever yet did justice. Of the Plym, which gives the town its name, not very much can be said; it is rather muddy, rather odorous, and very "tricky" for boating, unless you understand its wily ways and winding channel. But the sea is Plymouth's speciality in a far more intimate sense than can be said of the fashionable watering-places. The sea, by giving her so immense a harbour, has made her famous; her future position depends on the sea, and of that future I shall have something to say in my concluding article.

IRISH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES: A RETROSPECT—II.

BY SIR CHARLES WALPOLE

THE history of the summoning of this Parliament, the first in which the whole island was represented, is so interesting and instructive that I venture to quote somewhat fully from the original despatches to the King from the Lord-Deputy and the Presidents of the Provinces, which are to be found in the fifth volume of the Carew Calendar of State Papers.* It must be borne in mind that the King's purpose was to secure for the Government policy a working majority, on which he felt he could rely if the Protestant element exceeded the Roman Catholic element. It was morally certain that the existing constituencies would return a large majority of Roman Catholics, and the only way for the King and his advisers to carry their point was to create a sufficient number of new constituencies to swamp the old ones.

With a clean slate in Ulster and the garrison towns to work upon this was comparatively easy, but every care was taken to arrive at the probable result and to calculate the chances of success. The House of Lords was considered safe, as the nineteen Bishops were sufficient to turn the scale.

Despatch No. 86 is signed by Sir Arthur Chichester, the Lord-Deputy, and gives careful details of the composition of both Houses and discusses the method of balancing the two parties. He enumerates "The Nobility of Ireland being the Lords of Parliament in 1611," forty-four in all, and says:—"Of these Lords Spiritual and Temporal we may assure ourselves of the nineteen Bishops; of the Temporal Lords three are under age and five Protestant, so we shall sway the Upper House by seven voices." Coming to the Lower House, he sets out the counties in provincial groups, including the nine new Ulster counties, and continues: "Of these threescore and six knights we may expect thirty-three."

Of "the Ancient Cities and Boroughs" he says, "Out of these forty corporations we expect twenty-eight Protestants, and may hope for more, by reason many of them sent men of that religion the last time." And of the "boroughs to be erected and enabled to send Burgesses to Parliament if it pleases the King," he gives the names of twenty towns in Ulster, seven towns in Munster, three towns in Leinster, and five towns in Connaught, and the University of Dublin, and he adds, "From these corporations we may expect Protestant burgesses." "And so the Lower House, consisting of 218 knights and burgesses, we may expect 123 Protestants, and then we shall exceed them by twenty-eight voices."

No. 87 is from Sir Richard Moryson, the Lord President of Munster, addressed to the Lord-Deputy:—

According to your direction I have called to my assistance such of the Council of the Province as are now resident in this city, and have entered into consideration who are the Protestant knights and burgesses meetest to be chosen in each county to serve in Parliament, which I here certify. Being confident every county will make choice of one

recusant, who will be at their own disposition, and although I return three for a county yet it will be hard to get one of them to be Knight of the Shire, except the other two join their strength and voices for the election of the third man, and that good care be had in choosing good sheriffs, and the powerful gentry of the county beforehand written to by you, and the Undertakers dealt with-all to make freeholders to increase voices at that election. For the old boroughs there is hope to get one burgess returned out of each of the towns of Youghall, Dungarvan, and Dinglecuishe, and all the rest desperate.

For the new intended corporations, if they be enabled by charter to send burgesses to the Parliament, I am sure they will be wrought to return those I have named, and any other the State shall appoint, and the number of them will appear by this underwritten certificate. . . . And so out of the counties by this computation there may be ten knights—out of the old corporations three burgesses, and out of the eight new to be created sixteen. If it be so the Protestants will exceed them by six voices."

Despatch No. 92 is signed by Sir Oliver St. John, the President of Connaught, from which the following is worth quoting:—

Boroughs to be erected, Roscommon, Curra, Drummisk, Sligo, Castlebar, all these will send Protestants, unless some doubt be of Sligo, whereunto upon better advice may be added, to be newly erected Longreagh. Being an ancient walled town and Corporation and the Earl's principal seat, they will send Papists, for it will gratify the opinion of partiality (*sic*) in erecting the new boroughs.

So I hope the Government of Connaught will send to the Parliament twenty-two Protestants and fourteen Papists.

Despatch No. 99, endorsed by Sir George Carew of the Privy Council, and noted by Sir John Davis, the Attorney-General, gives a complete analysis of both Houses:—

But as the state of Ireland now stands, or is like to stand in the new Parliament, let us examine who are like to be the members of both Houses, and thereupon see whether the number of Protestants or recusants will be the greater, and consequently what party will carry the greatest sway in the next Parliament.

The Lower House consists of knights, citizens, and burgesses. There are thirty-four shires, which will send sixty-eight knights.

The citizens and burgesses.—In 27 Elizabeth, when the last Parliament was held in Ireland, there were but twenty-six cities and boroughs which sent citizens and burgesses to Parliament, but in the next Parliament the number will be doubled, for his Majesty has erected some boroughs since his reign, and will be pleased to erect twenty-five corporate towns more in his escheated lands of Ulster, all which shall send burgesses to the Parliament, and be planted with Protestants and well-affected subjects.

He then proceeds to analyse the probable returns of the old boroughs, and, finally, gives the names of twenty-three boroughs to be erected in Ulster, all of which will return Protestants.

Turning to the Upper House, he writes:—

The Lords Spiritual are in number but eighteen. The Lords Temporal are in number twenty-five. . . . Of these twenty-five Lords there will not sit above fourteen obstinate recusants, the rest are Protestant Councillors of State or infants. So as the Bishops and the well-affected Lords will be far the greater number in that House, especially if any new barons be made, or some of the bishopricks be disunited. By this view of both Houses we

* State Papers, Nos. 86-87, 92-99.

make conjecture how things may be carried in the next Parliament.

On the assembling of Parliament, Chichester's calculations proved to have been a pretty accurate forecast. The new House of Commons consisted of 226 members, of which 125 were Protestants and 101 were Roman Catholics, giving the Government a majority of 24.

The first trial of strength came on the election of a Speaker. Sir John Davies was the Government candidate—Sir John Everard of the Opposition. In the division lobby the supporters of the Government numbered 127, a clear majority of the whole House. The recusants had remained in the Chamber, and in the absence of the others placed their candidate in the Chair. On the return of the Government party a scene of indescribable uproar took place, and Sir John Davies was forcibly seated in Sir John Everard's lap. Finally, Sir John Everard was ejected from the Chair, and the recusants left the House in a body. After this disgraceful ebullition the House appears to have shamefacedly settled down to business, and, though a stubborn gathering, proceeded to pass the Bills which were laid before them.

During this and the following reign the Parliament was assembled on several occasions, but nothing of interest attaches to their doings. Then came the rebellion of 1641, with its massacres and internecine fighting, terminating with the *second conquest* of the country by Cromwell and his generals, the confiscation of the whole island, and its re-plantation under the Puritan Settlement.

During this upheaval the Irish Parliament was in abeyance, and the treaty of Union of 1800 was foreshadowed by the appearance at Westminster of thirty Members from Ireland, in Cromwell's short Parliament, and again on his death in that of his son Richard. On the Restoration two successive Parliaments were summoned by Charles II., the number of Members being increased to 260, when the Acts of Settlement were passed for the purpose, as far as possible, of restoring the confiscated land to its earlier proprietors. In the Lower House but one Roman Catholic was returned.

After a short respite of thirty years the shifting scene again changes. James II.'s Roman proclivities had flooded the Council, the Bench, the Corporations, and the Shrievalty with Roman Catholics. The Protestants had fled in thousands to England and Scotland and the Isle of Man, and only Londonderry, Ballyshannon, and Inniskillen were despairingly held for King William. James had abdicated and fled to France, and having obtained assistance from Louis in money, ships, and equipment, landed with 10,000 men at Kinsale, marched to Dublin, and issued writs for the summoning of a Parliament. It was, of course, impossible to conform to the procedure enjoined by Poynings' Act and the Act of Philip and Mary, which provided that no Parliament should be assembled but by the issue of writs under the direction of the King of England, of which James was no longer King, nor could the heads of Bills be sanctioned by the English Privy Council before being presented to the Irish Parliament. Nevertheless, though summoned irregularly, it must be taken into consideration in any view of Irish legislative proceedings. Most of the sixty-nine Protestant peers and twenty-two Bishops had fled to England—only seven of the former and five of the latter remained; nine of the Roman Catholic peers took their seats, two being minors; and James reversed the outlawry of fifteen of the old peers, who had been attainted after the Rebellion, and created six new ones, so that the Upper House numbered forty-nine.

At the election the Roman Catholics swept the board, only

six Protestants being returned, for the freeholders of the counties were either besieged in the walled towns, or had fled the country, and the recently-purged boroughs were under the control of the recusants. Two hundred and thirty-two Members were returned, chiefly the descendants of those who had been dispossessed by the Cromwellians.

The first step taken by the new Parliament was to repeal Poynings' Act, the next to repeal the Acts of Settlement, and the next to pass an Act of Attainder which contained no fewer than 2,445 names, and included two Archbishops, seven Bishops, sixty-four temporal peers, eighty-three clergymen, and 2,289 ladies, knights, gentlemen, yeomen, and tradesmen. The Parliament sat from May 7th to July 20th. Twelve months later the Battle of the Boyne was fought, and James absconded to France.

And now we come to the last stage of Irish Parliamentary life to which specific reference need be made. After the flight of James the country was again torn by a fierce civil war. The Irish and their French allies fell back on the line of the Shannon and made a stubborn resistance. Their last hope was destroyed at the Battle of Anghrim, and Limerick, where their final stand was made, capitulated after two sieges upon terms of surrender entitled "The Articles of Limerick," and twenty thousand men and officers left their country for ever to serve in the armies of France and Spain. Thus ended the *third conquest* of the island.

In 1692 writs were issued for an Election, and again in 1697—an English Act, 3 and 4 William and Mary, cap. 2, had made the taking of the oaths of allegiance and abjuration and the subscribing of the declaration against Transubstantiation conditions precedent to the taking of a seat in Parliament, which effectually excluded the Roman Catholic element, and the "new" or Protestant "interest" was in complete control. From this time forth, there being no limit to the life of the Parliament, except a dissolution or the demise of the Crown, a session was held sometimes yearly, and sometimes every two years. That which was elected on the accession of George II. sat for thirty-three years and expired at his death, and it was not till 1767 that the English Government agreed to the passing of an Octennial Act.

During the reigns of William and Anne the Irish Parliament passed the series of savage penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, the so-called Penal Code, which practically deprived them of all their civil liberties and spiritual privileges, and reduced them to a state of beggary and outlawry.

The Parliament continued throughout the first five decades of the eighteenth century to be the helpless instrument of the English Government, its recalcitrant members being kept quiet by a system of intrigue and corruption. Gradually a small group of determined men formed a persistent Opposition, which year by year grew in numbers and in vehemence, and carried on a strenuous agitation for the repeal of the laws which crippled Irish trade, for the repeal of Poynings' Act, and finally for Roman Catholic Emancipation.

The Government bought their leaders from time to time with honours, places, pensions, and sinecures, until they were led by Henry Grattan, one of the few Irish statesmen who was not for sale; and at length when France and Spain declared war against England in support of the revolted American Colonies, and England was fighting for her existence with her back to the wall, the great concession was made which gave to Ireland the Home Rule Parliament of 1782. Thus again exemplifying the ancient saying that "England's adversity is Ireland's opportunity." How this concession ended in a third rebellion, a *fourth conquest*, and the Treaty of Union we have already taken note. All that need now be said is *Absit omen*.

REVIEWS

POPE OF THE REFORMATION PERIOD

The History of the Popes, from the Close of the Middle Ages.

From the German of DR. LUDWIG PASTOR. Edited by RALPH FRANCIS KERR. Vols IX. and X. (Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. net each Vol.)

THESE two volumes bring Dr. Pastor's well-known and able work down to the close of the Pontificate of Clement VII., A.D. 1534. They deal with an important and highly controversial period of history, the struggle of the Reformation in Europe. Even after four hundred years it would be almost an Olympian feat for any ecclesiastical historian to discuss without bias the religious events of the sixteenth century. It is true that Dr. Pastor possessed the immense advantage of access to "the secret archives of the Vatican and other original sources," and that he is able to produce in his valuable appendices quite a formidable array of hitherto unpublished documents. But access to "original sources" is far from being an infallible remedy against bias, where religious history is concerned. Even so learned a scholar as Dr. Pastor finds it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain an attitude of complete detachment from his personal religious outlook.

The first half of Volume IX. is occupied with a detailed and most interesting study of the Pontificate of Adrian VI., who, in his short reign of two years, essayed the difficult task of ecclesiastical reform, as an autocratic and absolute ruler. He began at the head, directing his first attack on the Curia. He was ably seconded by Cardinal Campeggio, who forwarded to the Pope in Spain his famous "Promemoria" (discovered and published by Höfler), in which he gave "advice so uncompromising that it must be distinguished as the most radical programme of reform put forward at this most critical time." But these laudable attempts produced, first, consternation at Rome, and then such determined opposition from the courtiers as frustrated every effort. Adrian's enthusiasm and sincerity are unquestioned. Yet he found no credit in Germany, partly owing to his elaborate brief to the estates of the German realm, summoning them to fight against the poison of heresy, partly owing to the narrow and uncompromising attitude of Luther, whose short-sighted and contemptuous depreciation had greater and more lasting weight. Adrian was a splendid failure, beaten by the insuperable force of evil, too deeply rooted in high places to be overcome in so short a rule. He was detested for his piety and high moral standard, becoming, as Bückhardt said, "the burnt-offering of Roman scorn." Benrath's view is, that "to a judgment unaffected either by his scanty successes or his overt concessions, Adrian VI. will appear as one of the noblest occupants of the chair of St. Peter." One thing he did accomplish. He exposed the awful iniquities of the Curia, and pointed out for a future generation the principles of internal reform.

The Pontificate of his successor, Clement VII., is mainly interesting to Englishmen from his relations with Henry VIII. The controversy surrounding the great divorce question seems interminable. Here the penetrative acumen of Dr. Pastor occasionally appears to miss the mark. Like many other historians, he is inclined to over-emphasise the sensual side of Henry's motives, and to give too little prominence to other factors, local and political. Incidentally we notice a curious, if common, mistake. Dr. Pastor says that "the English King, in recompense for his book against Luther, had received from Leo X. the title of 'Defensor Fidei.'" As a matter of fact he bore this title before Luther was

heard of. Julius II., in depriving Louis XII. of his designation of the "Most Christian King," had conferred it upon Henry, whose book against Luther did not appear till 1521; and when Leo X. convoked the Cardinals the title suggested by the Consistory was "the Angelic King." So far back as May 22nd, 1517, Wolsey had written "*Regia etiam Majestas aegre fert quod de titulo defensoris sanctæ Fidei nihil adhuc acceperit, quasi ejus sanctitas ea re timuerit Gallos offendere*" (*vide Martene, "Amplissima Collectio,"* iii. 1274).

Dr. Pastor writes:—"Only this one circumstance, only the desire to discard his lawful wife in order to marry a wanton, was the cause that led Henry to rend asunder the links that for nearly a thousand years had bound his kingdom to the See of Peter."

This unguarded, if not prejudiced, statement is worth examining. In the first place, the investigator in history, as in the more exact sciences, must always beware of assigning any given effect to one sole cause. Henry, as Häusser pointed out long ago, "hated the Reformer and the Reformation with passionate hatred." For eighteen years he had shown the strongest attachment and fidelity to the Pope and Church. He alone of European monarchs had repressed heresy. Pole, his enemy, said that no one had done so much for Rome. Henry was troubled by no moral scruples which would have prevented him from gratifying his passion for Anne Boleyn without marriage. In fact he did so. He was far too astute a politician, too keen a Churchman, to break with the Pope for the sake of "a wanton," *quid* wanton.

The most powerful motive that weighed with the King was his desire to have a legitimate male heir. The succession was in danger. No queen had hitherto reigned in England. Mary's right would probably be challenged. Already people were predicting that Henry's marriage would not hold good. Already there were pretenders to the succession, one of whom was the Duke of Buckingham, who was executed for treason on this count, though, curiously enough, he had been heard to say that the death of Katharine's sons was a judgment on the King and Queen for their improper and invalid marriage. But the whole question of this male succession and its importance are matters barely touched by Dr. Pastor in the elaboration of his "sole circumstance"—Henry's "outburst of despotic caprice and adulterous passion," which "dragged down the English Church to a state of schism."

As events went on, the King's passion for Anne doubtless became a stronger incentive, but it was neither the first nor the only motive. He had already satisfied his passion. When she became pregnant he hurried on a secret marriage, in the hope of securing a legitimate male heir.

Dr. Pastor is inclined to gloss over the attitude of Clement towards the annulment of Katharine's marriage. As the prisoner of her nephew Charles V., he was prevented from pronouncing any decree. But from April to July, 1528, when the French ascendancy seemed to be established, Wolsey was able to wring from the wavering Pope almost any concession he required. Hence there was intrusted to Campeggio a secret Decretal similar to that which Clement had formerly refused. Then when he saw ruin at the hands of the Emperor, he managed to get this Bull destroyed, and eventually effected a reconciliation with Spain. There can be little doubt that Clement temporised. Yet Dr. Pastor has the hardihood to allege that "there was one thing which he would not sacrifice at any cost—namely, the sanctity of the marriage bond. Even at the risk of losing England to the Church he withstood the tyrannical King on this point from the consciousness of a higher duty."

But Clement's conscience was equally sensitive to the importance of his Spanish alliance and the terms of his reconciliation with the Emperor. Nor had the Curia forgotten the awful siege of Rome and the sack of the city. It was not till

March, 1534, nearly a year after Henry's marriage with Anne, that Clement in secret Consistory pronounced his final sentence declaring Katharine's marriage lawful and valid.

Dr. Pastor maintains the unusual view that Anne Boleyn's uncles, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, in their jealousy of Wolsey, originated the idea of the divorce in a subtly-contrived plan to overthrow the all-powerful Chancellor. On the other hand, so weighty an authority as Lord Acton is convinced of the evidence that Wolsey first moved the idea of divorce. The Cardinal himself admitted it to Du Bellay. Katharine wrote to Charles that Wolsey was the author of all her sorrows, and the Emperor never ceased to proclaim the fact. In short, the weight of contemporary history is overwhelming against Wolsey. But Dr. Pastor is biased throughout by his prejudiced conviction that the Reformation in England sprung from the evil passion of Henry VIII., abetted by the unconscientious obsequiousness of Wolsey. It is this attitude which somewhat obscures his political vision.

The remainder of this volume has some valuable chapters on Clement's efforts for internal reform in the Roman Catholic Church, and also a very interesting account of his position towards Literature and Art. "True to the traditions of his family, the Pope, during his Cardinalate, had already gathered round him a throng of poets and men of letters. To this day the Vatican Library preserves an imposing series of works dedicated to him." The house of Medici was always the patron of learning and art. In 1525 Machiavelli presented Clement with the five books of his Florentine history.

Benvenuto Cellini, afterwards made engraver in the Roman Mint by the Pope, graphically describes the enthusiastic joy of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths at the election of Clement. The restoration of the fearful losses caused during the sack of Rome ultimately gave work to numerous artists—greatest of all to Michael Angelo, whose remarkable genius the Pope fully valued and appreciated.

The last days of Clement saw the origination of the Society of Jesus, when Ignatius Loyola unfolded to six trusted friends his plan of a great spiritual army "destined," writes Dr. Pastor, "to attain to a world-wide importance in the history of the Church as the most powerful bulwark of the Papacy during the catastrophe of the sixteenth century." It will be interesting to see in future volumes what estimate is formed of the development, growth, and work of this famous Order. Dr. Pastor is a writer whose learning, research, and scholarship must always command attention. It is important, too, to study controversial religious history from every possible position.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

The Life of Thomas Love Peacock. By CARL VAN DOREN.
Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some men in history who seem to link up in the mind the artificial strata into which it divides the passage and progress of Time. Among others, such a man was Peacock. For example, we get into the habit of thinking that Keats and Shelley make an epoch in themselves, and that this epoch has nothing to do with the wholly different period of Dickens and Thackeray, forgetting altogether that Keats and Carlyle were born in the same year. Similarly the mind, having grasped the chronological unity of Dickens and Thackeray, dismisses it and erects another new and separate unity for Meredith and Hardy. In this way three different literary strata are imagined, in the first of which Shelley is to be found, and in the third of which

Meredith resides, with a distinct and complete literary epoch abrupt between them. Then the thought of the author of "Headlong Hall" and "Melincourt" comes along, and we remember that he was a friend of the first, and that Meredith dedicated his 1851 volume of "Poems" to him, "with the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his son-in-law," and that "The Shaving of Shagpat" was written in Peacock's house. In this way (to continue the geological expression) Peacock appears as a "fault," with the result that we are compelled to take new stock of our nineteenth-century literary history.

This is not all, nor the chief part of, the interest of Peacock, however, though it would often seem so were one to consider only the making of modern books. For some time now references to Peacock have been confined to books written on Shelley and Meredith. A critic might perhaps be forgiven the thought that the best thing that Peacock did was to write his "Four Ages of Poetry," inasmuch as it evoked the more famous reply, the "Defence of Poetry." Nevertheless, Peacock's fame is planted on a far securer foundation than such derivative interest. Exactly what injustice has been his may be seen from a small but not unimportant incident. Specialists in literary indebtedness have not been slow to point out that Dr. Middleton, in "The Egoist," has his very obvious antetype in Dr. Folliott, of "Crochet Castle." He has had his alterations in the process of mental transmigration, of course; he has acquired more of "body" and sleekness, corporeally and mentally; yet the fact remains. Dr. Folliott is certainly as worthy of attention as Dr. Middleton, but among the many who know Dr. Middleton, how few there are who have even a passing acquaintance with his antetype!

In spite of this, as the most penetrating critic since Coleridge, Mr. Arthur Symonds, has said, "Peacock's novels are unique in English, and are among the most scholarly, original, and entertaining prose-writings of the century." And yet he is not read. To what an extent the neglect of him has prevailed may be gathered from the fact that Professor Van Doren can open his book with the remark that "There has been no previous biography of Peacock." He might have said more: he might have proceeded to say that his is the first book of any kind on Peacock. Dr. Garnett's various articles have hitherto been virtually the only means of knowing anything about the man outside his work apart from the incidental references in the various books on Shelley. Professor Van Doren has therefore an open field to work in, and he has taken full advantage of it. We should have liked to see more of a critical analysis of Peacock's achievement. There are certain aspects that are not easy to grasp. He has, for instance, a delicacy of mind that nevertheless is both robust and shrewish. Shelley sang well of him:—

His fine wit

Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it,
A strain too learned for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page,
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for the serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation.

We have already seen how just that expectation was; but apart from that, when we read such lines as these it can be forgiven us if we wish that Professor Van Doren had occupied some portion of his book with analysis and criticism.

Still he has done something almost as valuable, and possibly more reliable, in explaining the work from the standpoint of the man who wrought it. It is no mere mass of biographical detail that he has put before us. A definite personality emerges out of the story, and as we see and take note of this personality it is easy to conceive of Peacock

doing the work that lies to his credit. Even in his days of gravity and maturity there is a quality in his work that is hard to describe by any other word than "precocity." We may call it whimsical at one moment, or pedantic at another, but the word "precocious" seems at all times to express the thing we mean. Some of the strained translations from the Latin suggest it directly. Now it is illuminating to turn to the life of the man and see this characteristic exemplified repeatedly. Even at the ripe and mature age of eleven full years we find him writing an extraordinary letter which Professor Van Doren gives in full, beginning, "The present alarming state of the country points out the subject of a letter from me to you." The progress from this to the "Four Ages of Poetry" is not so strange as may at first sight be imagined.

To deal with Professor Van Doren's book in detail would be to repeat it. It reads over and over again—as Shelley himself said of the letter Peacock wrote to the lady who became his wife when offering her his hand in marriage—like another one of Peacock's novels. This is only to say that the author has both caught and rendered the spirit of the man of whom he has treated. In addition to this faithfulness to his subject, he has made it a work of exceeding interest. There are few pages in it that are not vividly interesting on strict biographic grounds.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Les Expériences d'Asthénia au Jardin de la Connaissance.
By ALICE BERTHET. (Gastein-Serge, Paris. 2f.)

ASTHÉNIA is a young person whose soul is troubled by the desire of attaining Wisdom, and she resolutely starts in quest of it. It is, however, a dangerous journey for a girl to undertake, even when, as in Asthénia's case, she is endowed with remarkable perspicacity and perseverance. But Asthénia was evidently the ancestress of our modern feminists, and possessed both the tenacity and determination which characterise the Suffragettes of to-day. Nothing daunts her; she starts bravely in search of Wisdom, and has the good fortune to meet Athene herself, with whom she has an intimate conversation. Athene is even kind enough to give her some precious advice, such as the following:—

Respecte la vie partout, adore-la dans tous les êtres, et sache que tu dois l'augmenter, et l'embellir en toi, et autour de toi.

Aime les heureux qui rayonnent leur bonheur: ils sont les forts.

Et si tu sais voir la beauté et la faire grandir en toi, tout ce que tu verras et expérimenteras, fut-ce de la douleur, contribuera à embellir et à intensifier ta vie.

Asthénia tries to follow these counsels, and she, in truth, intensifies her life! She continues her way, and strives to reach Wisdom by the Path of Beauty, where she learns to her sorrow and horror that "Nature is not divine, and that she is not better than humanity," and that it is "man who lends beauty to Nature." After having made these discoveries, Asthénia engages her never-faltering steps on the Road of Truth, only to find the followers of the different truths struggling furiously one with another. But by her naïvely profound reflections and deep intuition (for Asthénia would be the joy of the hearts of "school-ma'ams" and tutors!) this superior damsel puzzles occasionally these Pharisees of science, surrounded by prejudices. After having nearly reached the Wall which limits human thought—we are thankful the sagacious heroine of Mme. Berthet's book does

not push her temerity so far as to leap it—Asthénia finds at length that it is only in "stoical individualism" that she will find the possibility of realising her "interior harmony," and of regulating the rhythm of her life.

"Les Expériences d'Asthénia" summarise, in fact, many of the disillusionments which must unfailingly beset those whose imaginations crave to tear down the veil which Fate and Nature have benevolently drawn before our gaze, so that we may not be dazzled or blinded by the revelation of the Incomprehensible and Unattainable. And we should say that modern Asthénias would be much wiser not to dabble in philosophy, but to try and obtain a more useful and practical knowledge of life and duty.

The Motor Routes of England, Western Section. By GORDON HOME. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

MANY guide-books issued for the assistance and edification of the motorist, by reason of the inclusion of unnecessary detail and the lack of scientific arrangement, have tended to confuse and weary rather than to assist and inform, and could very well be dispensed with. But in this category one certainly cannot include the charming series of Motor Route Books by Mr. Gordon Home, the third volume of which is to hand from the publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. In this, as in the two previous volumes—one of which dealt with the Southern part of England and the other with France—the plan has been to arrange a trunk route from London through the district covered, which in the present instance includes Wales and the Western Midland Counties. This route is divided into sections and subdivided into "loops." The sections are:—London to Shrewsbury *via* Dunstable and Atherstone, Shrewsbury to Bangor *via* Llandudno, Bangor to Dolgelley, Dolgelley to Llangurig, Llangurig to Gloucester *via* Abergavenny, Gloucester to Oxford, and Oxford to London; between each section are the loop routes, commencing from and finishing at the last centre indicated in the section, and covering the places of most interest in the vicinity. At the beginning of each section of the route described the salient facts are given under the following headings:—(1) Distances along the road; (2) Notes for drivers, embracing succinct information as to the nature of the roads, speed-limits, &c.; and (3) Names and brief particulars of the places and objects of interest on and off the road. Then comes the text relating to that portion of the tour which is being traversed, concisely and clearly written, and replete with information of historical and antiquarian interest. It is really not too much to say that the book, like its predecessors, is almost indispensable to the motorist whose main objective is, not to commit infractions of the speed-limit with impunity, but to avail himself to the full of the educative facilities afforded by the car. It should be mentioned that the work is in no sense a compilation of previously-published information, the author and his assistant, Mr. Charles H. Ashdown, having motored over the whole route for the express purpose of writing the book. It should also be mentioned that, interspersed with the text, there are seventeen specially-drawn plans of the larger towns through which the tourist passes, twenty-six route-maps, and sixteen beautiful full-page illustrations in colour of the principal places of interest. The volume can be cordially commended to every motorist.

Modern Commercial Practice with Correspondence. Part II.
By F. HEELIS. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)

MR. HEELIS has now compiled the companion volume to Part I. of "Modern Commercial Practice and Correspondence."

dence," which, it will be remembered, dealt with the Home Trade. The present issue treats of the Export and Import Trade, and, as in Part I., the student is taken through a series of transactions between business houses. Each letter or document is introduced in its proper sequence, thus showing the exact relation which one item bears to another, and the place of each in the completed whole. The book will be found most useful to those who wish to enter for the higher commercial examinations.

A School Algebra. Part II. By H. S. HALL. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

IN accordance with repeated suggestions Mr. Hall has begun his second book on school algebra with Progressions. Each chapter, however, is complete in itself, and contains a varied number of examples. Together with Part I. the volume is intended as a suitable text-book for students who wish to enter for the Oxford and Cambridge, the London University, and various other examinations.

FICTION

THREE DISAPPOINTMENTS

In Search of Egeria: Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton. By W. L. COURTNEY. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The Love-letters of a Faithless Wife. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Bermadu: a Tale of Modern Malaya. By MRS. R. M. CONNOLLY. (Greening and Co. 3s. 6d.)

NONE of these books should ever have been printed, and therefore, perhaps, they do not deserve to be reviewed. They are all samples, each in its own way, of bookmaking as a trade, and because the trade is rising and spreading, and threatens now to overwhelm the few who take writing seriously, it is necessary to say a word or two in condemnation of such manufactured articles. Mock jewellery, even if the imitation is good, should not be allowed to pass itself off as real jewellery, and in these instances the imitation is anything but good. Mr. Courtney's book rejoices in huge characters that dwarf the page, and large margins and spaces that water the little rivulet of type; it is about one-third the length of an ordinary six-shilling book, and yet tedious with the dreadful tediousness of inanity. The secondary title is "Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton," but the episodes are few, insignificant, and unreal; the book is merely the bookish chatter of "a middle-aged amorist" who is very proud of his "First Class in 'Mods'" at Oxford, a scholarly distinction which does not prevent him from misspelling Nietzsche and misquoting the "Rubáiyát." Carelessness in such petty details is easily forgiven to large purpose and broad achievement; but when there is no aim beyond the desire to talk at random about well-known books and shop-soiled emotions, casual mistakes become characteristic and irritating. There is nothing in the book from cover to cover worth remembering, except the fairly well-known criticism of Sappho—"The nosegay is small but all roses"—the translations from Sappho herself being cursory and inadequate—the wooden rendering of the ordinary undergraduate.

"The Love-letters of a Faithless Wife" are just as irritating as Mr. Courtney's aimless talk; Lucas Cleeve

knows about as much French as Mr. Courtney knows Greek, and is just as eager to display her ignorance; she calls Baudelaire's masterpiece *Fleurs de Mal*, and uses French tags when the English equivalent would be distinctly better.

She seems even to drag in phrases without other purpose than to misquote them. She writes: "Ce qui ne vaut pas le peine de dire, en (!) bien on le chante." And her English is just as slipshod: "You know what you said the other day that there was only one way of (!) a woman of (!) proving that she really cares, and trusts a man." Mrs. Cleeve can even write worse than this: "I only want you to know how foolish you are being." After this no wonder she says: "One never reads a modern novel with anything of value in it." We think that remark somewhat sweeping, but as applied to Lucas Cleeve's own work it is absolutely true.

It would perhaps be unfair to leave the book without some description of it. It is told in a series of letters. There is a very slight attempt at characterisation, and we could not manage to get up any interest in either the faithless wife or the strangely taciturn husband. It came as a shock at the end to find that the faithless wife had been in love with her husband all through the piece in spite of her philanderings.

"Bermadu," the third book on the list, is by a writer whose name we notice for the first time. It is the story of some English residents in the Malay States. There is a certain amount of local colour in the book, but the story is of the very slightest. Yet there are indications, if nothing more, in it that Mrs. Connolly might teach herself to write a fairly good book if she took a little trouble to think out a good story. There is a native servant in the book, one Peter, who is really human and amusing; his peculiarities are not exaggerated to caricature, and yet the humour in him is fully brought out. Judging by Peter, Mrs. Connolly may yet do much better than this book, which is the best we can say for "Bermadu."

Mrs. Maxon Protests. By ANTHONY HOPE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN Anthony Hope's latest novel, "Mrs. Maxon Protests," we have the much-vexed marriage problem yet again set before our eyes. Winnie, otherwise Mrs. Maxon, is the pretty, young, precocious wife of a handsome dull, decorous, religious barrister. He is self-centred and egotistical, his temperament the very antithesis of his wife's. Mrs. Maxon after enduring for some years a dual life of incompatibility, which she defines tersely as "inkpat," determines to endure it no longer. Her child, a boy, having died soon after birth, she feels there is no bond left to hold her to her marriage vows. (Mr. Hope does not tell us this in so many words, but he implies it.) She therefore determines to leave her husband and to live her own life; and she does. Unlike most unconventional women, she possesses friends whose views are broad, who therefore, instead of nipping her unconventionality in the bud, encourage it, for whilst on a visit to them she meets Godfrey Ledstone, a man who immediately attracts her. The attraction proves to be mutual. She mistakes passion for love, and, carrying her unconventionality to its limit, she sets up housekeeping, quite openly, in West Kensington with him, content to subsist on glamour, bread and kisses. After a while the inevitable happens, as a natural sequence to all that has gone before. Godfrey Ledstone, owing to the continual pressure which is brought to bear upon him by his relations, leaves Winnie in the lurch, and marries a girl of his parents' choice. Mrs. Maxon is by no means heartbroken; a gallant soldier crosses her path, but, upon learning of her past, he hesitates to make her his wife. After pondering, he deter-

mines that "the honour of his regiment" demands of him that he should not take the risk!

Fate now intervenes for Mrs. Maxon in the person of an Irish journalist, who for long has been her friend, and who, now realising that his friendship has merged into love, determines to marry Winnie against his own principles, and notwithstanding that his religion forbids remarriage between a Catholic and a *divorcée*. Thus Mr. Hope reaches his *finale*, and we leave the lovers happy in the anticipation of their approaching union.

The characterisation of the book is beyond reproach—or praise; for all the characters live and move and have their being throughout the whole of the three hundred odd pages. The plot is very old, very worn, very frayed; but treated by the mature and skilful hands of Mr. Hope it becomes at once both originally conceived and interestingly executed.

Desmond Rourke—Irishman. By JOHN HASLETTE. (Sampson Low and Co. 6s.)

Most readers who take up Mr. Haslette's latest novel will, we feel sure, be disposed to finish it at a sitting, for the story is so engrossing, the interest so well sustained, that one is carried along from chapter to chapter in spite of oneself, so to say, until the end is reached. The scene is laid in South America, presumably in Uruguay, with just a sufficiency of local colour, and the characters are drawn to the life. These include, in addition to natives and half-breeds and the Irish hero, a cute Yankee speculator and a scheming Frenchman from Martinique with his supposed daughter—a somewhat coy young person, who, nevertheless, boldly expresses the opinion that love should take precedence of duty. As she exclaims to Desmond in the course of a *tête-à-tête*—"There is always the good married soldier, and the so impossibly good wife who urges her husband to the war. *Vive la Gloire! Vive le Guerre!* Ah, it is a good cry, but it is nonsense all the same. Would you love a wife who would send you to your duty?" To which the amorous Celt replies—"Faith! I wouldn't, Jeanne dear, but only one who would want me more than glory. I should go all the same." Which is only a witty Irish way of saying—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

There is a particularly thrilling chapter in which a staunch disbeliever in ghosts imagines a phantom dog is after him, and it impressed us even more than the tragic *dénouement* of the story which occurs a little later. Without giving away the author's plot, we may say that Desmond's native wit proves more than a match for the Yankee's cuteness and the Frenchman's cunning.

Lalage's Lovers. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MISS LALAGE BERESFORD is one of the happiest and most amusing scapegraces that ever romped through the pages of a novel. We are introduced to her as she edits and publishes a paper with a circulation of one, solely directed against her worthy governess, Miss Cattersby. The name of this sheet is "The Anti-Cat," and the samples of the contents are an indication of what we may expect when Miss Beresford is let loose on the world. The story of her escapades is told in Mr. Birmingham's favourite way—in the first person—and by excellent whimsicalities and pretences he conveys to the

reader something of the terror which Lalage's cold-blooded, relentless truthfulness and perseverance must have inspired in her victims. She forms societies, drops on people for subscriptions, starts vigorous propagandist papers which bring consternation to the minds of her canonical relatives, and ruins the chances of various candidates in an election by a rousing anti-lying campaign in which she proves conclusively that each candidate is a prevaricator of the deepest dye. And an attack of influenza is described so vividly that we almost caught it from the pages of the book. In fact our temperature went up—but that was with laughing. Never have we come across such humorous election-agents in real life; but we are not going to cavil at that. Titherington is a creation, a grimly determined, pertinacious creature, whose wily ways contain about as many hearty laughs as can be packed into the scenes of his appearance. We suggest that "Lalage's Larks" would have been a better title, since there is apparently only one lover—the teller of the story; but, at any rate, we are exceedingly grateful to Mr. Birmingham for giving us her breathless career.

PICKWICK RIDDLES—I.

By PERCY FITZGERALD

JUST fifty years ago I was driving with "Boz" on an outside car through Sackville-street, Dublin—how well I recall it!—when I was inspired to quote his own Pickwick to him. He had asked, "Did you know So-and-so?" When I promptly said, with Winkle, "I don't know him, but I've seen him," how he laughed—with an enjoying laugh! But no one would have laughed so loudly as he over the quaint oddities of his immortal book that I am about to set forth. They are really a feather in his cap, and a portion of his delightfully exuberant humour. For so inspiring and ebullient is the work that even its lapses, oversights, and errors are not to be counted as common *errata* or "noddings," but contribute to the general boisterous hilarity. They are *sui generis* and Pickwickian all over. They are not ordinary "slips," they are born of the tumultuous feeling with which the gifted author rushed at his task. Writing as he did from month to month, from hand to mouth as it were, and racing along, it was natural that he should not find a moment to pause and look back and see that, say, No. 10 was consistent with Nos. 2, 3, 4, &c. So he had to "chance it."

Thus our agreeable, if boisterous, chronicle starts on the very first page, at line 9, with its rare chronological confusion. A passage is quoted from the Club transactions (which *ought* to be accurate) to the effect that the Club met on May 12th, 1817. So far so good. Four pages follow; on the fifth we find Mr. Pickwick's setting forth from Goswell-street solemnly described as being on "the thirteenth of May, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven." We rub our eyes. Here was a leap of ten years. But the leading confusion, as to Jingle's share in the French Revolution, is a Pickwickian incident in itself and truly racy. He related his achievements during the "three glorious days" of 1830, but related them in the year 1827! This was printed, published, and read. The work went on from number to number, but new readers came by the thousand, and wrote to point out the blunder; so at last something must be done to cure it. After deliberation it was thus settled. When Mr. Pickwick was served with a writ, here was an opportunity for altering the date, and accordingly Dodson and Fogg wrote on August 28th, 1830. This was thought to make all straight, and straight it now seemed to

be. For here was Jingle's Munchausen tale set in its proper year, 1830, and people would forget to turn back to Jingle's yarn where the fatal 1827 stared them in the face. It is a curious thing in the case of a novel that every step and stage in this book is marked out day by day, as it were, leading on from the date of the Club's first meeting in May, 1827.

But presently our author was to find out that he had not bettered the matter. The departure of the Pickwickians from town and their meeting with Jingle was now on May 13th, 1830, on which day Jingle told his Revolution adventure, which, alas! must have taken place some weeks later than the Revolution in July, 1830. So things were as bad or worse than before. What was to be done?

"Boz" waited till his story was done and the book issued in a volume with Preface, title-page, &c., and *errata*! It was clear to him that the only thing left was to go back to his original state—to revert to 1827. And this was done. Was there ever such an amusing concatenation? We are told: P. 1, line 9, for 1817 read 1827; p. 185, line 25, for 1830 read 1827.

Our author issued the first collected edition of his books, and, we may presume, revised them. Turning to these doubtful dates, we are dumbfounded to find all in fresh confusion. It is 1827 at the beginning, but now the 1827 of the writ is advanced three years and changed back again to 1830, though only a few months had elapsed since the first Club meeting. The thing was now hopeless, and so it has remained. All that he could do was to scoff at poor Jingle, and throw the whole fault on him!

We find a jocular note to Jingle's story, laying it all to that hero's swagger—"A remarkable instance of the prophetic force of Mr. Jingle's imagination. This dialogue occurring in the year 1827 and the Revolution in 1830." Now here we have the thing officially fixed, and are on firm ground at last. It was in 1827, and the writ also in 1827.

Nothing can exceed the bewildering and most delightful state of the chronology connected with the Fleet Prison. How long was the illustrious prisoner there? When did he go in? When come out?—not very momentous questions save for the hopeless confusion. He was given some four months or so of grace after his trial and taken to the Fleet in July, where he was detained three months, which would bring us to October. But we read—with hearty enjoyment—that he was released "within a week of the close of July!" More wonderful still, we are told of a "fine October morning."

The hero on one occasion lit his candle, "so that it might burn up well," but, being attracted, read through a long MS. tale, when it is recorded that "he lit his candle" and went off to bed! These little matters have caused many a smile, even in the case of the genial writer himself, to whom this last was pointed out by Charles. "Boz" comically made as though he would hurl not the inkstand, but the book itself at him.

After the wedding-lunch at Manor Farm, say at about two or three o'clock, we are seriously told that the guests started off for "a five-and-twenty mile walk" to get an appetite. To perform this exploit would have taken nearly eight hours, besides being impossible for a number of elderly folk. What then did "Boz" mean? He was all exuberance and high spirits. He being a champion walker, and capable of doing the feat in a comparatively short time, did not pause a second to think of obstacles. But it is difficult not to smile as we read. How droll was it when he came to tell of Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment in the boarding-school closet, "where the day boarders hung their bonnets and sandwich-bags," to his inconvenience: I suppose by brushing his cheeks, eyes, &c.! He sat down "under a grove of sandwich-bags"—this was plausible and natural if any were there. For the bags and bonnets were brought by

the day boarders and could not be there in their absence. How "Boz's" friends must have roared as they pointed this out. Strange, too, is the unvarying use of the words "mother-in-law" instead of "stepmother," the mistake found in his other works.

We are assured that the only occasion on which Mr. Pickwick was seen in public without his gaiters was at the Manor Farm Ball, of which festival a capital picture is given. But there Mr. Pickwick is seen with the immortal gaiters on! Neither the jovial "Boz" nor the versatile "Phiz" had time to notice the matter. It was a comic and most original mistake; yet Mr. Pickwick at the Bath Assembly Rooms, so strict in etiquette, appeared in his gaiters.

No one could enter Dodson and Fogg's without passing through the clerks' office, where Mr. Pickwick was waiting. He was told that Dodson was out and Fogg particularly engaged. After a time one clerk went up to see if Fogg was disengaged—this, we are told, was Mr. Wicks—but "Mr. Jackson departed on his errand"—marvellous certainly. But that was not all. The next moment, having heard that Wicks and Jackson had both gone upstairs, yet both were still below: ("What did he say his name was?" whispered Wicks. "Pickwick," said Jackson.)

But the wonders were not to cease. As soon as Mr. Pickwick reached Fogg's room the latter asked, "Was Mr. Dodson in?" (though he must have been in the next room). "Just come in, sir," said Jackson, *now* upstairs. But, as we have seen, Dodson could not have "come in" without passing by the clerks and being seen by the visitors. I do think all this makes the raciest, most comical, and most Pickwickian *imbroglio* to be found in the book.

The poor Chancery prisoner in his pathetic complaint spoke of his "being tight screwed down and soldered in his coffin." A poor pauper—no—no—this is a distinction reserved for those who "enjoy" lying in leaden coffins in vaults. But that heartbreaking story of the Chancery prisoner, which no sensitive person can read aloud with dry eyes, may have brought to the feeling "Boz" that the poor wretch well deserved such an honour.

The book is full of the most improbable, impossible, and Munchausen-like things, yet all made possible, probable, and convincing even, by the exquisite and earnest spirit of the author. He does with us as he pleases: like a platform hypnotist who can make us believe that the salad-oil we are tasting is champagne. We are in a dream with him, and it is all true. What if Wardle and the great man—after the overturn in pursuit of Jingle—had to walk a whole stage, and reached London somewhere between break of day and eight or nine o'clock—a stretch of many miles? It mattered not—they found Perker. Perker by a miracle found out that the pair were at an inn in the Borough, and arrived there with his friends—all before eleven o'clock. But this was not all the miracle. Jingle at half-past nine had gone for a licence to Doctors' Commons, and "was still on his way back," as we are carefully told, when the pursuers were being conducted upstairs to the sitting-room. Yet there they found Jingle! Again we must laugh, heartily enjoying the reckless carelessness of our author. We find him, when describing how hospitably the Pickwickians were received at Manor Farm after their prodigious walk from Rochester, totally forgetting that the poor men had had no dinner. None was offered to them, only a glass of cherry-brandy in the hall. They had to wait for supper. Before, at Rochester, when Winkle and Snodgrass were out about the duel, which was at sundown, they returned to find that the party had dined, but they had to sit down to tumblers, &c., and not a word was said about *their* dinner. *En revanche* the Pickwickians on another occasion enjoyed two dinners within a couple of hours, one at the great White Horse, the other at Nupkins'.

But a prodigy in the way of fasting was Mr. Pickwick's day when he and Sam were in search of Dodson and Fogg. He found them early in the day, as we are told, then went to a tavern with Sam for a drink; after that we learn, to our astonishment, that as the clock struck eight he arrived at Gray's Inn! Hence he was referred to Perker's clerk, who was "keeping it up" at a nightly orgy at the Magpie and Stump. Thus this elderly gentleman went walking for a whole long day apparently without a morsel. But he sat on with the revellers drinking his brandy, listening to long yarns—"The Queer Client," &c.—until it was time to break up and go home. Wonderful man! There is no end to these prodigies. A mystery again—when the great man was taken to the Fleet he oddly never thought of bringing his clothes, but just put a night-cap in his pocket, so as to furnish the author with some comic business later; Sam, however, brought his portmanteau next day.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

II.—UP-COUNTRY

THERE is a certain delight in thudding along the powdered summer roads that never fails, although custom may render its appreciation a subconscious one. Given a good mount beneath, fresh from a rest and an unwonted spell of corn-feeding in the stables of the township, there is music in every creak of the saddle-leather. It is a pleasant song, this of the saddle, with its accompanying beat of hoofs. So compelling is its rhythm that it could not fail to produce utter drowsiness in less exhilarating circumstances. As it is, the sentiment is purely joyous. What else could emanate from the rapid springings of the great frame beneath the saddle, the scent of the grasses, the odour of the powdered earth, and the brilliant sunshine streaming down from the blue sky? You may let your horse carry you as fast as he will over this first stage of the flat-lands. Once within the blue semicircle of the mountains that hem in the plain, his gait will of necessity be varied, and the opportunities limited for this smooth, unbroken progress. For the present the landscape is essentially peaceful and smiling, the rich grasses shaded by willows, eucalyptus, and the curious palm-like tufts that bunch themselves at the extremities of the branches of the cabbage-trees.

The district is fairly populous. Here is, for instance, a bungalow *par excellence*, the abode of a prosperous sheep-farmer. The building is wide and deep, toned to the softest shade of terra-cotta. Its spacious verandahs are smothered in festoons of passion-flower, rose, and honeysuckle. Imposing and luxurious, it stands as the headquarters of the station whose lands spread far and wide in all directions. All has been brought into being with a view to genuine comfort here. The outhouses surround the principal dwelling-place at a very respectful distance; the baaing of the penned sheep and the shrill barking of the dogs reach the favoured spot in subdued and chastened tones. The haunts of work and rest are widely separated on this fortunate station. Between the two extend gardens such as only a sun-bathed climate can produce. In between the varied trees and flowering shrubs the geranium glows in brilliant banks and hedges; the arum lilies scatter their broad blossoms in weed-like profusion, and the verbena spreads itself in prodigal lakes of colour. But, were we to halt in an attempt to enumerate all the blossoms here, we should find ourselves belated in the bush far beyond.

Beyond the garden lies the orchard, where peach, nectarine, and fig lend their fruit as freely for plucking as do the more homely apple, pear, and quince. In the home paddocks the private hacks, more favoured than their harder-worked station brethren, roam contentedly, berugged and at their ease. To the rear of the homestead a semicircle of tall pines and blue-gums forms a sheltering screen for the whole. It is an enviable spot. But the enjoyment of a home such as this is restricted, of course, to the favoured minority of really opulent sheep-farmers. Nevertheless there are a number like it in the neighbourhood, for even the most confirmed agricultural grumbler will confess that the times are not so bad, which means that he is very well content indeed. The owner of this particular place, for one, could not fail to be that. There are hundreds of acres of rye-grass that rises tall and dense, and all but ready for the cutting and for the harvesting of its seed. In the paddocks set apart for grazing the sheep are frequent and fat. What more could the soul of a sheep-farmer long for?

A mile or so farther along the road is a homestead of another kind. Compared with the former, it is humble to the point of insignificance; yet it is by no means without its fair share of homely comfort and modest beauty. The bungalow is small, certainly; the verandah is narrow; the boards throughout the house are roughly set, and the paint with which the walls are smeared is of a useful rather than an ornamental tint. Yet it is evident even from the highway that there is no lack either of kitchen appliances or of general furniture. And if no rose or passion-flower shower their blossoms over the walls, it is probably because a spreading vine, that a little later on will strain its branches beneath the weight of the grape-bunches, leaves no place vacant for the more showy but less useful creepers. Indeed, the immediate setting of the small building is as delightful as could be imagined. For, although the fencing draws its rigid line in close proximity, there yet remains ample room for shade-trees, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. This is the dwelling of a cockatoo-farmer, the humble agriculturist who makes the most of his thirty or forty acres of land, and who employs his spare time in working for pay on the neighbouring large stations. He too has remarkably little cause for dissatisfaction with his lot. In England his home would be a two-roomed cottage, and his wages a pound a week. Here he is his own master for the most part of his time, and the servant of another only when he chooses, and the financial profit is at least thrice that of what he might expect at home.

We are taking a long time to get to the bush, I must admit; yet it is best to notice what lies by the roadside as we go. There are many bungalow homesteads on these plains. One or two are as imposing as the first that was passed; others are on a smaller scale, lacking some of the more elaborate finishing touches; while yet others are the property of cockatoo-farmers with the characteristic appearance of the type. Here and there, though, are homesteads that are notable for certain peculiarities of their own. They are of no greater size or pretensions than those of the lesser agriculturists, yet they are surrounded by a spread and glow of bloom striking enough to provoke the envious desire of many a far wealthier neighbour. But these gay blossoms possess a deeper significance than that of mere æsthetic luxury. Strictly speaking, they are not tended for the pleasure of the eye at all. They have their commercial, everyday use, for their owner is a bee-farmer, and this glorious blaze a portion of his stock-in-trade.

And now, at last, we have done with the plains, with their homesteads, pastures, and people. Directly to the front rises the barrier of foothills, like cliffs from a green sea, with the mountains dimly seen at their back. We have arrived at a notable spot, for to the front extends Bray's

Hill. Judged by the mere ethics of landscape, there is very little in the appearance of Bray's Hill that would lead the stranger to suspect that any peculiar interest were centred in its slopes. Indeed, a new-comer would be hard put to it to distinguish the spot, from many of its fellow hills that make a wide and lofty ring about the semicircle of plain. Nevertheless Bray's Hill, both geographically and sentimentally, is an important place. Its bold green flank is pierced by the road—the highway that starts where the distant houses of the township prick out from their green surroundings at the edge of the blue ocean, and that has cut its thin white line across the level plain, until it comes to clamber its winding way up the side of the hill, and to be lost to view amidst the valleys and peaks of the bush country that stretches to the rear. But this particular spot represents more than the point where the plains end and the mountains begin. Bray's Hill is a vital place in a world of comings and goings; it is, in fact, a haunt of psychological moments.

It is here that the incoming man from the back-blocks catches his first glimpse of human habitations in clusters. The change of scene has been effected with an astonishing rapidity. One moment his horse has been bearing him upwards through a land hemmed in on all sides by bush, and peaks, and great slopes; the next, he has passed through the natural gateway that crowns the last hill, and beneath him is spread the panorama of the plain. It seems as though one might fling a stone, and reach with it those tiny dwellings below, were it not for fear that the pebble might crush in a roof or two of the toy-like structures. It is the brilliant air that is responsible for delusions such as these. In reality the horse's hoofs will have to thud over nearly a score of fathoms ere those doll's-houses will have grown to normal size, and ere the few ant-like specks crawling over the flat surface of the ground far beneath will have become riders mounted on cantering horses. If the rider be alone, he will not fail to drink in the panorama to the tune of a quickening pulse. It is possible, though, that he may be journeying in company, the exigencies of which forbid any leisurely appreciation of landscape. He may be riding at the tail of a flock of sheep or of a mob of cattle, in which case his eye will be warily fixed on the moving fleeces, or on the waving horns and the red, white, and dun backs. For the vagaries of driven sheep and cattle are inexplicable and not to be foreseen, and the results of a successful "break-back" are wont to be lamentable in loss of both time and temper. Even here Bray's Hill remains a landmark of the fullest significance. The end of the journey is in sight. Only a few hours more will see the live-stock safely at their destination and a larger balance at the bank to the credit of their present owner.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

DR. KARL BINDING contributes to the September number a very judicious *exposé* of the position of the old Prussian party at the time of the Erfurt Parliament. Special prominence is given to the attitude of Bismarck. Great statesmen always develop on paradoxical lines, but the founder of the German Empire may claim a place by himself as a swallower of earlier principles. At this perplexing moment none of the Prussian leaders had the courage or insight to take Time by the forelock, and the utterance of Stahl seems to have had no ironical basis—"The two Eagles (Austrian and Prussian) must stretch their protecting wings over Germany, like the two Cherubim over the Ark of the Covenant." The article forms an excellent supplement to

last month's correspondence of the Empress Augusta. Dr. H. Schoen discusses the Thiers Institute at Paris for the accommodation and training of unfledged professors, and its adaptability for German purposes. Herr Wilhelm Alter defends the strategy of Benedek, and his tactics at Sadowa. Herr Federico Hermanin describes very fully the Rome Exhibition. Frau Mela Escherich introduces Konrad Witz, a forgotten Swiss-German painter of the fifteenth century. Herr Reinhard Buchwald gives some notes on the literary wife of Gottsched, the eighteenth-century critic, and Dr. Otto Binswanger gives an amplified version of a lecture at Jena University on the suicide of minors and precautions against juvenile degeneration. The article is full of good sense and optimism, and avoids hasty conclusions.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

The number for August 25th contains an article by Senator Charles Humbert on "Le Problème du Haut Commandement," a question which has been lately prominent. Though he seems to regard the matter as mainly one of definition, he concludes against the specific creation of a Commander-in-Chief. A special military Government in time of war he regards as inevitable. M. Jules Bertaut gives a pleasing portrait of "Théophile Gautier, voyageur," and his dictum that the French are the best travellers is well exemplified in Madame Claire Géniaux's sketch "Chez les Femmes Tunisiennes." Mr. Edward Legge's forthcoming "Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire" is unsympathetically discussed by M. Gérard Harry. The first few lines of "L'Incendie," translated from the Russian of Alexis Rémisov, made our blood run cold; later we got used to it. M. Gustave Aron starts dealing with the question "Peut-on limiter le Pouvoir Législatif?" He is very inconclusive, beyond rejecting the American solution of a Supreme Court. M. Bolz discusses East-European Yiddish literature, and M. Yves Scantrel has some sparkling aphorisms on Napoleon. M. Challaye "exposes" the behaviour of the N'Goko Sangka Company.

For September 10th, M. Aulard, the historian, traces the relations of Corsica and France. He accuses the Governments of the latter country of having been false to their promises and of having starved Corsican enterprise. M. Clemenceau is the first statesman who has tried to rectify matters. MM. Aron, Bolz, and Scantrel continue their articles from the last number. "Enquêtes" forms a feature of the number; one fruitful in paradoxes and platitudes is that on the merits of the "Monna Lisa;" another concludes the discussion on barrack-life, the general verdict being hostile to the institution; a third is concerned with the educational qualities of the Pathégraph. M. Ernest Charles' appreciation of Brunetière on Voltaire is good to read; it is a picture of an honest man being just to what he does not like. M. André Tibal, *à propos* of the Austrian novelist, Rudolf Bartsch, is very illuminating about Austria, old and new. M. Armand Charpentier deplores the prevalence of the pot-boiler in romance.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

For September 1st there is a correspondence between Mistral, the Grand Old Man of "Félibrisme," and Reboul, a predecessor in the same *genre*, and the protector of the younger man, presenting him to Lamartine and Dumas. The letters, many of them in Provençal, are full of kindness and Southern gaiety, enlivened with snatches of song. M. Paul Louis sketches the history of the Roman corporations, contrasting them with modern Trades Unions. M. Jules de Gaultier contributes a brilliant but [rather exasperating] article entitled "Comment naissent les Dogmes," devoted mainly to an examination of "La Critique du Darwinisme"

of M. Novicow. We will content ourselves with one quotation: "Le juste n'est donc, dans la pratique, qu'un cas de l'injuste." Space forbids us to show how M. de Gaultier arrives at this dictum.

Théophile Gautier and Arthur Rimbaud are by no means done with. They loom large in the number for September 16th. The last-named is represented by "Vers Inédits," the frequent occurrence in which of the verb "baver" is the only remark we need offer. Gautier has been already celebrated in the *Mercur* for July 1st by M. Henriot; now it is the turn of M. André Fontainas. He has little to say that is new, but his article is interesting and well-written. M. Léon Séché writes on Henri de Latouche, a snarling free-lance of Romanticism, and on Gustave Planche, a bully put up to abolish him. M. Emile Bernard offers a powerful and well-reasoned indictment of Impressionism. Among the books reviewed are three that have been recently noticed in THE ACADEMY—the two theses of Dr. Hedgcock on Thomas Hardy and Garrick, and the "Adventure" of two English ladies at Versailles. This last has made so powerful an impression on M. Davray, the reviewer, that, though sceptical himself, he has waited to speak of it till he had the verdicts of several of his friends.

"LA REVUE"

The most important feature of the two September numbers is a series of unpublished letters of Victor Cousin and a Madame Angebert, a lady whose imagination was stirred by the lectures of the philosopher at the Sorbonne into a progressive criticism, to which Cousin replied more and more seriously. A certain degree of personal intimacy was also engendered, and the lady rates her correspondent soundly for deserting his professorial chair and taking office under the July Monarchy. M. Léon Séché is the sponsor of the letters.

The acquaintance of Cousin and Mme. Angebert began through a supposed disparagement by the former of the female intellect. M. Ernest Tissot opens his appreciation, in the number for September 1st, of Mme. Daniel Lesueur with another attack by another professor on the feminine sex. Without explicitly corroborating or denying the impeachment, M. Tissot claims an exception for his subject. In the same number "Brada" has an agreeable, gossip article on Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson among "Voyageuses et Voyageurs Anglais." Dr. A. Gottschalk resumes the story of the madness and tragic end of Lewis II. of Bavaria. M. Faguet is in his best vein, writing on "Le Pragmatisme de Nietzsche." He makes fun of the method of including among intellectual influences "what Nietzsche might have read." We are a little surprised that he makes no reference to Mme. Richter's work, recently noticed in THE ACADEMY, where it is very clearly indicated what the apostle of the superman probably *did* read. An interesting article on Lourdes is from the pen of Dr. A. Grillière, who deplors the present arrangements for medical supervision.

In the number for September 15th Dr. Max Nordau enjoys his favourite pastime of crucifying butterflies in a short article called "Les Demi-Talents." M. Victor Dave introduces the poet Eugène Vermersch, a friend of Verlaine's, and gives striking specimens of his work. M. Charles Becker analyzes the national spirit of Luxemburg, and finds it to be essentially French. M. J. Gringoire writes with delightful crispness on the uses of French capital; he denounces the national thrift as the root of all evil, leading to distrust of French concerns, and childish confidence in gambling foreign stock. He sees plenty of work at home for French capital, and he throws out the clearest of challenges to Socialism. M. de Tarlé publishes letters of Murat to Napoleon, in which the former, as King of Naples, is seen

in a permanent state of apology to his exacting over-lord. Fawning protestations of affection and theatrical indignation ill conceal a constitutional faithlessness.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

The number for August 26th concludes the letters of the Marquis de Custine. M. de Visan gives an account of Count A. de Gobineau, who in 1848 founded the *Revue Provinciale* to combat the increasing centralisation of France and the ascendancy of Paris. M. A. Bossert gives a synopsis of Mme. Bianquis's "Caroline de Gunderode," a sentimental and tragic figure of the "Werther" time. "Les Amitiés Françaises," a society extolled by M. Jacques Lux, is so characteristic of the nation whence it sprang that we shall be curious to watch its developments. M. L. Charlanne, in this and the following number, is very interesting on Pierre Antoine Motteux, a Huguenot refugee of the seventeenth century, who founded the *Gentleman's Journal*, and gave a lead to Addison and Defoe. He practically introduced Rabelais and Don Quixote, and was a partisan of Shakespeare during the dark ages.

In the number for September 2nd Lord Winterton replies to the questions of M. François Maury, on "Les Ministres Anglais et Leur Liberté d'Action." Mr. George Lloyd continues the answer in the following number. Naturally there is not much that would be new to English readers; it is interesting as a *résumé*. MM. Ribot and Léon Bourgeois, among others, have previously discussed the question as it presents itself in France. M. Lucien Maury is good on Balzac in recent studies. M. Gabriel Mourey places M. Maurice Barrès, who has just written a book on "Il Greco," among the few valuable critics of art.

For September 9th M. Léon Bocquet tells the story of the "Polyphème" of Albert Samain, a poetical drama of rare beauty, often given as a pastoral play. M. de Romain discusses the customary literature of French Switzerland, and M. Lux has very high praise for "L'Angleterre Moderne, son Évolution," by M. Louis Cazamian.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE AND DE LITTÉRATURE"

The principal articles for September 2nd bear the weighty signature of G. Maspero. Sir Gaston, as he is in England, devotes several pages of high appreciation to Professor Max Müller's "Egyptological Researches, Vol. II.: Results of a Journey in 1906." The journey and the work were both financed by the Carnegie Institution. Another review from the same hand is of Herr Borchardt's work on the pyramid of King Sahouriya. M. de Labriolle notices a very complete German commentary on St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," by Herr Heinrich Scholz. A new volume of Bossuet's Correspondence, edited by MM. Urbain and Levesque, is also discussed. For September 9th M. Labande combats the thesis of M. Marius Vachon, in "La Renaissance Française," that the Italians counted for little in the architectural revolution. M. André Paulian's "Reconnaissance dans le Droit Anglais" is approved by M. Bastide. For September 16th M. Maspero reviews M. Chassinat's "Quatrième Livre des Entretiens et Épitres de Shenouti," Herr Erman's "Aegyptische Grammatik," and Messrs. Woolley and McIver's "Karanog, the Romano-Nubian Cemetery," the last of which deals with some very newly-broken ground. For September 23rd we again have M. Maspero on M. Chassinat, this time in association with M. Palanque. The book is, "Une Campagne de Fouilles dans la Nécropole d'Assiout." "La fouille est une des plus fructueuses . . . depuis un quart de siècle." Mr. Budge's publication of British Museum papyri is noticed by the same authority—"à quand les autres?"

AHMET ARABI

By "SUDANI"

News of the death of Ahmet Arabi Pasha—for a brief space Dictator of Egypt—reached this country last week too late for any adequate record of his career to be printed in these columns. It would, however, be almost unseemly that a man whose vaunted animosity towards this country has proved so unexpectedly far-reaching in its results should pass finally into the oblivion in which he has long been merged without some short notice of his personality.

In the accounts of Arabi Pasha that have appeared in the Press since his death he has been frequently spoken of as "the Cromwell of Egypt." For what reason this style has been granted to him I am at a loss to understand; surely no man's character less resembled that of England's only President.

Ahmet Arabi was a Fellah of the Fellaheen. That is to say he was a man of no birth, no education, no intellectuality, and no ability. His only assets were religious fanaticism, and as a complement an exaggerated hatred of everything that was European, and therefore not comprehensible to his narrow peasant mind. There was at no time within his limited purview any true idea of patriotism, nor was there at any moment in his mind any thought of redeeming Egypt, his country, either from the insufferable dominion of the "Turk" or from the growing obsessions of the Europeans who had already the grip hand on Egypt.

In a way Arabi might well be compared with the Mahdi. Like him he was stupid; like him he was inordinately vain; like him he was used by stronger wills than his own to mark a situation and advance a supposed cause. To a formidable physique he added no leaven of courage, and his heavy, if handsome, features were ill lighted by his large, vacant and staring grey eyes.

I well recall a visit to him, paid at a moment when on him, or on those greater folk who put him forward, unwitting, as a figure-head, the immediate destinies of Egypt, and perhaps of England and France, appeared to hang.

Arabi was seated in a verandah in the courtyard of his house in the Shoubrah Avenue. Around him was a mob of officers of the lower grades, and of mollahs from the mosques, and of sheikhs of villages from the Delta of the Lower Nile. The great man himself was orating, and it took me some few minutes to discover the fact that he was merely vociferating whole chapters from the Kuran, which he had learned by rote. He made no attempt to speak on mundane affairs, and certainly did not touch on Egypt's immediate emergencies, in which his hearers might have been interested, but merely sung out his verses from the "wise book" in a suave, musical monotone that appeared to charm his audience—all, be it said, men of his own class.

It was to this class indeed that he appealed when he was put up to fight the lost cause of Mahmoud Sami and Abd-el All. And it was by these two brighter and more ably intriguing minds that he was thrust into the prominent position that he held up to the date of Tel-el-Kebir. Of course there were contributory agencies that served to waft poor Arabi to his bladder-lifted prominence. The virulent antagonism of France, the subtle machinations of Italy and Austria, the general irruptive irritation that agitated Europe with regard to Tunis, Sfax, Bizerta and Tripoli in Barbary—all helped to suggest to Arabi's prompters that the moment was propitious for a stand by Islam in Egypt, backed, as the movement undoubtedly was, by the great overlord in Yildiz Kiosk.

A greater man than Arabi, given his opportunities, might have changed the destinies of his country, and in a measure of Europe. When Tewfik Pasha (Khedive) bade him

sheath his sword, in Abdin Square, Arabi, had he possessed physical courage, might well have become ruler of the land from which he was so soon to be an exile.

But the man was a coward. He had the moral pluck—or some would call it infamy—to organise and consummate the massacre at Alexandria, when he refused to stay the hands of his assassins until he was reappointed Minister of War, and his also was the feeble spite that authorised the wreckage and loot of Alexandria after his easy defeat in the bombardment of that town.

But at Tel-el-Kebir, where his vast and splendidly built entrenchments might well have given pause to a greater force than Sir Garnet Wolseley had at command, Arabi was the first man to take flight, leaving his followers in disarray. A sorry patriot and leader, he bolted at the first warning of the British onslaught. And he who first sought his quarters on that morning of our victory found his flag still waving—his horses still in their shelter—his rich furniture still adorning his sumptuous tents, and were informed by his gaping orderlies that "the Pasha had gone long ago, on an engine to Massr."

That was the end. Of Arabi's subsequent trial and of its sudden collapse more might perhaps now be said than while Abdul Hamid still held the throne of Turkey. But to what avail? The conditions that governed the relations of the great European nations thirty years ago have been for some time wholly altered, and it would ill betide to discount those further great changes that seem to loom in the immediate future.

Ahmet Arabi was of himself of but small account; yet we of this country owe him no small tribute for that by his shallow and obstinate fanaticism, coupled with his gross and foolish vanity, he hastened, if he did not impel the change in the destinies of his country that gave to Great Britain the control of Egypt at the one moment when circumstances made it possible for her to assume that great responsibility.

THE THEATRE

THE PEOPLE'S MIXTURE AS BEFORE

HAROLD, Earl of Norchester, had two striking characteristics. He always wore the clothes of a traveller in nail-brushes and he never had his hair cut. He was, for all that, an officer in the Rifle Brigade and a typical member of the House of Lords according to William Le Queux. He lived at a curious place called The Park, Carysford Chase, where, although a poor, proud, attitudinising man, he kept a racing stable somewhere near the kitchen garden. The Park, designed by Mr. Cecil Raleigh and decorated by Mr. Henry Hamilton, the great experts in aristocratic homes, had a garden that was in exact imitation of the Earl's Court Exhibition as seen from the lawn of the Welcome Club. A collection of thoroughbreds which had apparently been picked up for a mere song from a dealer at Barnet Fair strayed about from time to time, making havoc of the Marcus Stone herbaceous borders and tropical plants. One or two of them were very tame and loved to turn up about tea-time in order that Harold might deliver recitations to them—a trick which is generally practised by the best Earls. Here also there were Harold's mother, a keen business woman who ran the estates and saw personally to the mortgages and paid the usual periodical visits to her pet moneylender, and the Lady Barbara Mowbray, her only and charming daughter—a young woman who had broken away from the manners of her class and become a member of Somerville College, Oxford. But all these things do not matter yet.

Somerville College, Oxford, was determined to go one

better than any other College either at Oxford or anywhere else. A Mrs. Bendemeer, for instance, was Principal, because her knowledge of life and humanity was incontestably large. She was the emancipated wife of a man who had walked the tight-rope in the circus, but had risen even higher in the world and become a bookmaker. She had a son who must have been at Ruskin College, but who did not desire to be a Labour Member, and so took advantage of the present shortage of officers and joined the Rifle Brigade. In order that he might play polo and employ his leisure time as an officer and a gentleman, his unique mother employed the services of the moneylender who was kind enough to keep Lady Norchester in continual pocket-money in return for a note of hand only. Mr. Michael Whitburn, who lived in a house in Mayfair which was exactly like the Automobile Club—his drawing-room was modelled on the swimming-bath—evidently did very well on notes of hand. He also sent his pretty but rather careless daughter to Somerville, which was not only a College, but a sort of Metropole Hotel. Harold and most of his brother-officers, including Captain Hector Grant, stayed there for boating and tennis. Mr. Michael Whitburn was a constant and vibrating visitor, and Ben Netherby, the bookmaker, ex-tight-rope-walker, turned up whenever he needed a little ready money from the Principal. It has to be added that the exterior of Somerville College looked exactly like the Traitors' Gate of the Tower of London. But all these things do not matter yet.

Then there was a Miss Brenda Carlyon, who, although she had no father and mother, stood at least six foot high in very smart shoes, and so was asked everywhere by everybody. At any rate, she was seen everywhere, and was on the same intimate terms of smiling and naturally condescending friendship with the moneylender's girl as with Herbert, "Babs," and Lady Norchester. In fact, Bertie aspired to lead her to the altar, but, being poor as well as proud, he hid his love like an officer and a gentleman, and only permitted himself to bend over her and whisper quotations from crackers, or to stand in picturesque attitudes, as he had seen his fellow-Peers do on the covers of William Le Queux's sixpenny novels, and utter piercing sighs while he shot his cuffs. Whatever he did, however, he never forgot that he was a Peer, and made a point of whisking off his hat the moment he spoke to her, both indoors and out. Thus it will be seen at a glance that, although he frequently wore his hair like an actor and obtained his clothes ready-made from the Crystal Palace caterer, Bertie was a credit to the Peerage. For all that—and it was a good deal—Brenda did not help him to keep really silent. Very likely she had money of her own. She dressed particularly well, and changed every hour. Her hats spelt money. Or very likely she preferred to be poor where love was, accompanied by a coronet. No man can say. The fact remains that she looked at Bertie meltingly on all available occasions, lingered at his side, and finally gave him as pointed a hint as a young and elegant woman of six foot dare give by calling one of his yearlings "The Hope." She was not successful, and showed most natural irritation. She kicked her train quite violently. There was no accident. It continued to run smoothly. At that moment, however, Lord Haldane, strongly ignoring precedent and red tape, dispatched a messenger to Bertie at Carysford Chase telling him that he must really tear himself away from his immediate pastimes and go to the front. It appeared that there was trouble in India. The Indian Army was on leave, or had been sent to Birmingham or Belfast, and Bertie must go. And go he did, dressed as he was, but not before he had wept in his brave mother's arms, won a tremendously delicate admission of love from Brenda, and asked "The Hope," who happened to be passing, to win the Derby some day soon, in order that

he—Bertie—should be able to take a flat in Artillery Mansions. But all these things do not matter yet.

It turned out, however, that the regiment had been ordered to India for nothing more tiresome than to put in an appearance in the Mall, Simla, and later to dance in the Dewan-i-Khas, Delhi. The dance was very well worth the journey and the expense of transport. Its promoters had most kindly invited the tall, *svelte* Brenda, Olive Whitburn (the moneylender's careless daughter), Mrs. Bendemeer, and the bookmaking Ben, who, of course, wore Court kit, and looked exactly like a Liberal knight. In fact, everybody was there except Bertie's trainer; and among others who were noticed were Lady "Babs," looking sweet in watered silk, and Captain Hector Grant, who, amidst universal congratulations, had succeeded to a Scots baronetcy owing to the well-timed death of a dozen cousins. His friends were most delighted. He, however, was naturally somewhat preoccupied, because he had just drawn the favourite for the Calcutta sweep, and stood to win a very fair sum of money—forty thousand pounds or so; enough, at any rate, to ensure his smoking a very decent cigar for several months. He was a little annoyed to hear that Bertie's horse, "The Hope," was entered. Somehow there seemed to be more in that horse than met the eye. Then, too, Brenda had christened it and wished it luck, and he loved Brenda in his hectoring way. But all this does not matter yet.

Odd as it may seem to those who have never met the egregious Grant, he was the cause of Olive Whitburn's carelessness, and when she came to him, as women always do, in the ante-room of the officers' mess, and made a scene, he threatened to tell all the world that her father was a moneylender if she did not hold her tongue. Olive was so appalled at the disclosure of her father's business—she had always believed that he was either a successful music-hall artist or a millionaire in his own right (she judged by the family house in Mayfair)—that she resolved then and there to fly to the Hotel Umberto, Massiglia, in order, presumably, to receive one shock after another. This she did; but not before she had written several letters, beginning in the middle and having no ending—except just Olive. In the one to Grant she told him all the things that he already knew—"You have been all in all," and so on—remember that she was only a girl—and Grant, becoming possessed of them, saw his way to making things hot for Bertie, so he gave Olive's letter written to himself to Brenda, who loved Bertie so much that she immediately uttered enough noise to stop the dancing and make a splendid group so that she might not only denounce her lover publicly in no measured terms, but fall full stretch upon a convenient lion's skin to boot. But all these things do not matter yet.

The moneylender had a big voice, as well as an astounding mansion with as many pillars as go to support a pier. So he was given a splendid opportunity to use it in his office when Grant and Mrs. Bendemeer paid him a visit to talk shop. He wanted his daughter, who was still living on roses and splendour at the Umberto, and would willingly give half his hard-earned fortune to find her. Grant knew, and told him of the everyday occurrence at Delhi, and, of course, mentioned Bertie's name. That did it. The enraged father and noble man immediately went down to the Park. Bertie was there as it happened—the dancing season in India being over—and so was Brenda, still loving but still denouncing, and "The Hope," now a very hot thing for the Derby. So the angry man announced his intention of foreclosing on the entire estate, which included the probable Derby winner. The horse was put up to auction at the sale-ring, Newmarket, and the whole of smart London in reach-me-downs attended. But all this does not matter at all. The thing was that Bertie, still blind to Brenda's great love, determined

to wring an explanation from Olive. He had not the faintest idea where she was hiding, so he went to Massiglia, just to see if by any chance she was there. Oddly enough Brenda arrived just after him with no less a person than Olive's father. And now we come to the only thing that does matter—namely, the earthquake. But first of all some one set fire to the hotel. We gravely suspect Bertie, who was, after all, much upset because Olive would not confess. At any rate, smoke and flames appeared, panic ensued; Olive, hemmed in on every side, and having no faith in the Italian fire brigade, blurted out the truth, whereupon Bertie, in his shirt-sleeves, did Gargantuan things, threw doors about, and rushed away with the whole lot of Brenda in his manly arms. And then great pieces of cardboard were let down very gently, the crowd fell in heaps, a red glare came, thunder joined in the orgy of street noises, and "Mr. Arthur Collins outdid himself." After which not the deluge, but the Derby. Two horses trotted on a revolving circle of stage, eight hundred yards of the population went past on a wheel, and the curtain fell on the most hopeless production it has ever fallen to the lot of man to sit out.

And yet with one voice the Press has offered its breathless admiration, its humble and enthusiastic congratulation to the authors and producer of a hotch-potch such as might easily have been written by two housemaids after a brief course of William Le Queux, and produced with equally "stupendous effect" at the Theatre Royal, Little Diddlecum. Why is it? What is the particular exemption of the Drury Lane autumn drama from criticism? There is no reason on earth why the annual Drury Lane drama should not be a genuinely exciting human thing, devised and carried out on big lines. Mr. Hall Caine very nearly succeeded there once some years ago. At any rate, he steered clear of area claptrap and potman's jokes and stale situations, which are the only ingredients of "The Hope." It is all very well for Messrs. Raleigh, Hamilton, and Collins to say, as we presume from results that they did, "Oh, anything's good enough for the B.P." It was perfectly clear on the first production that anything is not good enough. Boredom and disappointment lay heavily upon the auditorium, and people in the stalls were scoffing. Nevertheless, the Press poured eulogy upon the thing, and reduced criticism to meaninglessness. And then managers fling up their hands and complain of the badness of their business. The day is over for such things. If Mr. Arthur Collins does not wake up to a realisation of the views of that small section of the population which can still afford to pay the much too high prices of theatre tickets and provide a steadily dwindling public with a genuine piece of melodrama in which there are recognisable human beings and situations which spring from the story and not from the carpenter's room, the hand of doom will press down upon the old theatre in Drury Lane. There are a dozen, two dozen, novelists—Mr. Oppenheim, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Wells, yes, even Mr. Wells—who, if given a free hand, could put something on that huge stage which would amuse, stir, interest, grip, and even shock; who, with the best available actors, might even teach us something, or send out a great patriotic appeal to a lethargic nation. The days of hack-writing are over. Anything is *not* good enough for the British public, and "The Hope" has thrust the theatre several pegs lower than it is already in its estimation. It is inadvisable to say anything about the acting.

"BONITA:" A NEW COMIC OPERA

For a long while now the need has been felt for something fresh in the way of comic opera—something, in fact, which should lift the trend of such productions out of the inade-

quately narrow groove in which its lines have lain for some years. "Bonita" goes a long way towards satisfying this want; it is new in many respects. Mr. Wadham Peacock, the author of the libretto, although he is responsible for much excellent work, appears in it for the first time as the creator of comic opera parts: Mr. Fraser-Simson until the overture on Saturday was unknown as a composer. But the innovations extend further than this. Portugal has now enjoyed a double promotion. Within a month its Republic has been officially recognised, and its national status has been raised to that of the other countries upon which the seal of comic opera has been set. Neither of these things has ever happened before. The curtain rises, moreover, for the purpose of a prologue which opens, and ends, in black night on the trenches beyond Bussaco in the Peninsula War. We have, moreover, a fresh species of villain, who confesses openly that he is merely villainous because he thinks he ought to be. There is sufficient novelty here to satisfy even the most inveterate of first-nighters.

The prologue, as we have said, reveals one of the crests of Bussaco, on which an outpost of British soldiers are blazing their rifles into the night. Presently the officer in command, shot by the enemy, dies in the arms of his young Portuguese wife. The tragedy concluded, we slide along time for a rapid century, and arrive at a Portuguese fishing village of the present day. The setting here is quite unusually charming, with its rising tiers of dazzling white houses and its deep blue sea and sky. The inevitable peasants and local worthies are present, of course, in full force, and the local colour and groupings are strikingly successful. Presently appears a blaze of vermilion lancers, under command of a British officer. The latter has come out to Portugal in quest of a relative, the descendant of the British officer and of his wife of the prologue. This quest he undertakes in full uniform, accompanied by a number of his scarlet-clad troopers. It is a thousand pities that this thing does not happen more often away from the limelight, for the æsthetic gain to ordinary life would be incalculable. Having explained in song that a subaltern's heart is a thing apart, the vermilion Lancer discovers in Bonita his lost relative, and the tide of love is set flowing on the spot—a tide that is much disturbed by the energetic splashings of the villain Frederico.

The setting of the next Act is a ruined cloister, almost as delightful in its effect as the first. Here the loves of the rivals are put to the ordeal of the fire of Saint Antony. Previous to the ceremony Frederico steals in to cheat the saint, and a most stupendous and realistic thunderstorm ensues, during the continuance of which apparitions enter which bear a resemblance to Mephistopheles, accompanied by demons. We are not quite certain on the point. It was a bad thunderstorm; it was very dark. In the end, of course, virtue triumphs, and the vermilion Lancer secures his bride.

So much for a general sketch of the play. The libretto is in parts excellent, although it cannot be termed quite even throughout, and, like the music, fails towards the end to sustain to the full the promise of the earlier stages. As the play progresses no doubt the minor defects will be remedied, in which case the opera may be assured of a lengthy run. The venture is much to be commended, and Messrs. Wadham Peacock and Fraser-Simson are to be congratulated upon having to a considerable extent struck out upon their own lines. In order to appreciate Mr. Lionel Mackinder's comic and volatile villainy he must be seen in the flesh, while Miss Clara Evelyn as Bonita scored a distinct success. Miss Edith Clegg, as the lady whose romance grew with her years, gave a most sympathetic rendering of her part. Mr. Walker Wheatley as the Dragoon officer was rather inclined to stiffness, and obviously suffered beneath the weight of his uniform. From the spectacular point of

view nothing more telling than the setting of each Act could be conceived; the Portuguese fishing village in especial represents a master work in scenic craft that is haunting in its charm.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

STILL they come. "Books generally do little else," wrote Goethe, "than give our errors names." Mrs. Clayton Glyn's (*Elinor Glyn*) do more. They give our pleasures names, and frequently make us open our eyes rather widely. In her new novel "*The Reason Why*," which Duckworth and Co. will fling upon an expectant Bayswater very shortly, Mrs. Glyn will solve yet another problem, and prove once more, to her own satisfaction, not that men must work and women must weep, but that men must love and women must reap, whether the harbour bar moans or not. It is interesting to speculate as to whether we are to be introduced to a mere Prince and whether our old friend the tiger's skin plays its usual prominent part. Mrs. Glyn is the Ouida of the day, and sees her heroes and heroines through a telescope. In Duckworth's list there is another novel which may possibly rival "*The Reason Why*" at the libraries. It is a romance of Indo-Burman life, by Mr. Shivay Dinga, and is called "*Wholly Without Morals*." These publishers appear to have specialised in Claytons, for they have "*The Breath of the Desert*," by Mr. Clayton East, and "*The Dance of Love*," by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. The Modern Play Series, which is extremely pleasant and charming, contains two new plays by Mr. John Galsworthy—"The Little Dream" and "*The Eldest Son*;" "*Passers-by*," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, which was delightfully produced by Mr. du Maurier, and is now being played in America by Mr. John Drew and Miss Toller; and two plays by Mr. Sturge Moore, "*Mariamne*" and "*A Sicilian Idyle*." "*Short Plays for Small Stages*," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is not, as has been stated, in this library, but has just been published by Skeffington and Co.

Stanley Paul and Co., although comparatively new publishers, can boast of an autumn catalogue which contains a long list of very popular names. There is "*Dolf Wyllarde*," for instance, with a novel; the evergreen Rhoda Broughton; Violet Hunt, with a story called "*The Doll: a Happy Story*," although it will deal with all the intimate peculiarities of divorce; Mr. Rafael Sabatini, with yet another Renaissance story, in which he places Cesare Borgia in a series of imaginary adventures; Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson, with "*The Three Anarchists*," as she calls Love, Death, and Birth, having been greatly struck by one of the omniscient utterances of young Mr. Masterman; Mr. Archibald H. Marshall, with "*The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm*," in which the talented author of "*Exton Manor*" has permitted himself more movement and ventured upon a larger canvas than hitherto; Sir William Magnay, who, having written many exciting stories which relied mainly upon the long arm of coincidence, has now perpetrated a novel called "*The Long Hand*;" "*Jane Wardle*," as young Mr. Oliver Hueffer still calls himself; Mr. Charles McEvoy, the advanced dramatist and Master-Tramp, whose last play was passionately produced by Mr. Trench at the Haymarket, and who now makes his story-telling *début* with "*Brass Faces*;" Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Mr. Armiger Barclay, Mr. Clifton Bingham, Mr. J. Keighley Snowden, René Bazin, Mr. Douglas Sladen, and Arabella Kenealy.

Early in January Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons will publish a new biographical record of the contemporary stage called "*Who's Who in the Theatre*." It is compiled by Mr. John Parker, who was responsible for "*The Green-Room Book*,"

and will not only contain useful information for that large army of persons who are connected in one way or another with the histrionic profession, but for that almost equally large section of the population who greedily devour the smallest morsels of information as to the ways, habits, ages, hobbies, and so forth of their footlight favourites. Mr. J. M. Bullock, the dramatic critic and cynic, will give genealogical tables of famous theatrical families, and there will be many pages devoted to the full details of the new productions of the year in England, America, France, and Germany. Other books which will bear the Pitman impress are "*The New Art of Flying*," by Mr. Waldemach Kaempffert, with numerous illustrations, "*Modern Italian Literature*," by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley, in which the author sets out to trace the history of the literary revival in Italy during the eighteenth century, and deals optimistically with the poems of Parini, Affieri, Foscolo, Manzoni, and Carducci, and with the novels of living Italian writers, and a new revised and cheap edition of "*A Hundred Years of Irish History*," by Mr. Barry O'Brien, who wrote the well-remembered *Life of Parnell*. This volume has the advantage, or not, of a long introduction by Mr. John Redmond, and will be of interest to those people who desire to obtain a patriot's interpretation of politics as applied to the Ould Country. To these there must be added Mr. John Lawrence Lambe's "*Experiments in Play-writing*," being six plays in prose and verse, with an introductory essay. Mr. Lambe is an enthusiast who runs counter to the views of most critics in that he is profoundly convinced that the English higher drama must be written in verse. He believes, although obviously he has forgotten to make himself acquainted with the work of our popular actors, that the highest success would be achieved if it were possible to enshrine the ideas which underlay the Elizabethan drama, developed and brought up to date, in plays brimful of contemporary interest and feeling. It will be vastly interesting to see how Mr. Lambe tackles modern problems and life in verse. Mr. Zangwill, by the way, has carried out Mr. Lambe's theories in the play which is shortly to be seen at special *matinées* at His Majesty's Theatre.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN CHINA.—II.

THE individual possessing no knowledge of Chinese affairs has doubtless grown weary of vague expressions of opinion in regard to the progress of the reform movement, and is desirous of ascertaining, as far as possible, the concrete evidence upon which students of the situation base their belief that an awakening has begun in earnest. The state of China to-day is one rather of turmoil than of transition. It presents a mass of contradictory elements that require careful sifting before their relative value can be estimated with anything approaching accuracy. As yet the forces of enlightenment are still battling with the forces of reaction, and these latter, it should be remembered, are strongly entrenched behind the usages of centuries. The immediate result of so stupendous and so violent a conflict is to be found in the widespread existence of chaos. The picture presented has two distinctly coloured sides—a dark side and a light side.

The dark side is to be found in the corruption and incompetence that exist in high quarters in Peking, in the bartering of Government posts, in the banishment from office of prominent reformers like Yuan Shih-kai and his immediate friends and colleagues, in the lack of control

exercised by the Central administration over the provincial authorities, and its inability to keep the progressive movement free from anti-foreign sentiment, and finally in the continued and aggressive ascendancy of Manchu officialdom. In no department of the State are the evils of this mal-administration so transparent as in that which has charge of the national finances. The need for drastic reorganisation in this quarter was admirably summarised by Dr. Morrison, who stated that:—

There is certainly room for financial reform in China . . . where nineteen different kinds of dollars of different exchange value are current, besides newly-coined taels, Chinese rupees, and an infinite variety of copper coins and brass cash; where debased subsidiary coinage is issued and not accepted at its face value by the Government issuing it; where unlimited provincial note issue, without a bullion reserve, and other irregularities exist which makes China a paradise of the money-changers, and its currency confusion greater than any country under heaven.

Since the *Times* correspondent made this statement a loan has been contracted, one of the primary objects of which is to place the currency on a proper footing; but sufficient time has not yet passed to enable foreign critics to pass a definite judgment upon the efficacy of its operation. At present sixty million taels must be devoted annually to the service of the national debt. Little more than this total is received from the Provincial Government, and were it not for the revenue from the Customs and the railways, China, under her existing financial system, would be hopelessly insolvent. As it is, her position invariably borders upon the precarious. Between the Central Government and the provincial authorities there is a constant tug-of-war, and in the end the millions of patient toilers are the sufferers. So long as its demands are complied with, Peking cares little for the methods of exaction employed for the purpose. The only class to benefit directly are the officials, who take good care that a large proportion of all money passing through their hands is transferred into their spacious pockets.

Then there is the bright side of the picture. Signs are not wanting that the gathering force of a healthy public opinion will eventually succeed in dislodging the reactionary influences from the Central Administration. In spite of the fact that the incompetence and corruption of Chinese officialdom finds its inspiration in Peking, nowhere in the land are there more evidences of the changing times than in the metropolitan province, and particularly in the capital itself. Within the last few years the whole life and aspect of Peking has been completely transformed. It is now a city thoroughly well equipped with all the facilities that make for municipal and educational efficiency. The abolition of Manchu garrisons throughout the Empire, and the provision made for their absorption in the general community were regarded as a sign that the Government was slowly yielding to national sentiment, which is, of course, opposed to enjoyment of exclusive privileges by the ruling race. So long, however, as high Manchu dignitaries arrogate to themselves the principal offices of State, and so long as classical erudition is placed before statesmanship, progress will be hindered at every turn; that under no circumstances can it be altogether arrested is already manifest. The spirit of patriotism, kindled as a consequence of the Russo-Japanese War, has spread like wildfire throughout the length and breadth of the land. Students returning from Japan have gone among the masses telling them that intellectually they must equip themselves equally as well as Western peoples if they are to safeguard their liberty and their homes from outside aggression. With a rapidity almost magical, schools and seminaries have risen in all parts of the country. Where no suitable building could be obtained, idols have been

taken down from altars and temples converted into educational establishments. Not only children, but their elders, of both sexes, have eagerly flocked to the seats of learning. Serious attention is being paid to industrial training, and the study of Western languages finds encouragement in responsible quarters. Newspapers are published in all important centres, and are allowed some measure of latitude in criticising Government officials and their policy. Shanghai boasts of no fewer than sixteen daily journals, the circulations of which in some instances exceed ten thousand. Peking and Tientsin each have three daily publications. At public meetings and gatherings of various kinds the state of the Empire is criticised with a candour that but a decade ago would have brought down upon its authors the punishment of nothing short of decapitation.

In the sphere of social reform the most important movement is undoubtedly that directed against the use of opium. According to an official estimate, which is probably under the mark, there are nearly fourteen million smokers of this pernicious drug in China. Imperial Edict has decreed that the habit shall be totally suppressed by the year 1916; but authorities differ as to the possibility of complete success being achieved within so short a period. In China, where, apart from the Customs, no reliable statistics are kept, and where, in consequence of the laxity of the control exercised by the Central Government over the Provincial Administrations, Imperial Edicts are frequently ignored or only partially carried out, it is difficult to ascertain the exact measure of progress made with any particular reform. That there has been a wholesome revolt of public opinion against opium-smoking and opium-smokers cannot be denied. From time to time accounts have been published describing the voluntary and wholesale destruction of the paraphernalia used by those addicted to the habit. I take the following extract from an article which appeared in the *North China Daily News*, about the time of the issue of the memorable edict prohibiting the smoking of opium:—

The much-advertised immolation of opium utensils (said this journal) took place at Chang Su-ho's Gardens yesterday afternoon, and had it not been for the obvious earnestness of many of the native spectators the proceedings might have been mistaken for a farce. The roof, balcony, and verandah of the main hall were seething with sightseers, while a thousand or so more were scattered round the site of the coming bonfire and of various points of vantage in the grounds. At 4 p.m., the hour appointed for the bonfire, arrangements had not been concluded, and several tables of opium-smoking utensils still remained untouched. A couple of coolies were engaged in stripping the pipes of their metal work, while others were splitting up the small metal boxes used for holding the drug by means of a hammer and chisel. Yet another man, armed with a sledge-hammer, was showing his prowess on the delicately fashioned brass lamps. Some of the ivory pipes were sawn up into small pieces, but those intended for the bonfire, which were mostly made of wood, were dipped in a kerosene-can and then stacked in two square heaps on a couple of large stones. On one of the tables were two small trays, each containing a complete opium-smoking outfit. A written sheet of paper accompanying them stated that they were the respective offerings of Mr. Lien Yue-ming, manager of the East Asiatic Dispensary, and Kua Kuei-yen, a singing girl. Both these quondam opium-smokers sent in their apparatus to be burnt, with a pledge that henceforward they would abstain from using the drug. To add to the animation of the scene that has been described, a native gentleman, with a reckless disregard for the spectators' headgear, was letting off bombs at intervals, and as the fragments hurtled through the air and landed on the heads of the crowd there was great amusement among the more fortunate onlookers,

Substantial proof of the determination of the authorities

to suppress opium-smoking is to be found in the fact that a number of officials, unable to give up the habit, have been summarily sent into retirement. In one province at least, Shansi, where the poppy at one time flourished, there is now not the least evidence of its existence. Only the complete disappearance of this harmful plant from all provinces will finally rid China of a habit that for centuries has enslaved her hapless people.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

AMONG the 776 members of the A.A. and M.U. who were elected at the Committee meeting on the 19th inst. were the Duchess of Hamilton, the Prince of Monaco, Lord Francis Hill, Lord Sudeley, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Wrottesley, Sir Harold B. Harmsworth, the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and many other notabilities. The total membership now exceeds 38,000.

The Association continues to do good service to motorists generally by prosecuting in cases of wilful obstruction of cars by obstreperous drivers of heavy horse-drawn vehicles. At Highgate the other day a brewer's drayman was charged with wilfully obstructing a member's car on the main road through Whetstone, Mr. Taylor Parkes appearing for the Association. It was proved that, in spite of the repeated use of the horn by the motorist, the drayman, proceeding at the usual snail's pace of his fraternity, refused to give way for a distance of 250 yards, and a conviction resulted. This is the fourth case recently in which the A.A. has found it necessary to prosecute for wilful obstruction of motorists.

What does it cost to keep a motor-car? This is a question often put to everyone who is known to be in any way associated with the motor industry by those who hunger for the joys of motoring, but whose limited financial resources make them hesitate to incur unknown expense. The question, of course, is inherently absurd, unless the enquirer is prepared to furnish information on a number of points, such as the nature of the work the car will be required to do, the hilliness or otherwise of the roads over which it will have to run, and, more especially, the amount of use to which it will be put; one of the chief virtues of the car, as compared with the horse, being that it costs nothing for upkeep when not in actual use. But most people who contemplate joining the ever-increasing army of motorists know approximately under what conditions they will want to use the car, how many passengers it will be usually required to carry, and what opportunities of using it they can look forward to. Given this information, it is not a difficult matter to indicate, roughly speaking, what the cost of motoring will be.

As an instance of what can be done in the way of economical motoring, a case cited in the current issue of the "Motor" is both interesting and instructive to the would-be motorist whose means or leisure is limited. The car in question, a 1906 model of British make (6h.p.), was bought second-hand in 1907, after it had already done about one thousand miles, for £80. Its original price would be about £130. Like the majority of motorists, or prospective motorists, the owner was only able to use it on occasional evenings during the week, for week-ends, and for the annual holiday. But it has been consistently used on all such occasions, and it has not had a single breakdown of any

consequence. Since 1907 up to date, it has averaged about 1,700 miles per annum, and the total cost of upkeep has been about £70, which works out at about £17 per annum, or seven shillings per week. Of course the owner both drove and looked after the car himself, and no doubt drove on all occasions with a due regard to economy in tyres and petrol. Probably, also, he had the advantage of previous experience in motoring, and was able, therefore, to get more out of the car than a novice could expect to do. But in any case these figures cited, which come from an authentic source, show conclusively that a very fair amount of motoring can be indulged in at a much lower cost than is generally supposed.

The latest development in connection with the aeroplane is the aerophone, an apparatus embodying a new system of wireless telephony, invented by Mr. H. Grindell-Mathews. According to a published report, a completely successful demonstration of the new invention was given on Saturday last at Cardiff by the inventor, in conjunction with Mr. B. C. Hucks, the well-known monoplaneist. Ascending with one of the Mathews receivers to a height of 700ft., Mr. Hucks easily succeeded in hearing Mr. Mathews' verbal message, although a strong breeze was blowing and he was travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It is said that the apparatus is small and portable, that it needs no skilled interpretation, and that the distance over which it can operate is practically unlimited. The result of further and official trials of the invention will be awaited with great interest, more especially in military quarters.

We hear that the fine and spacious premises of the Continental Tyre Company in Thurloe Place, South Kensington, which were only opened a few months ago, have already been found quite inadequate to deal with the constantly increasing demand for "Continental" tyres, and that another four-storey building, providing another 2,000 square feet of storing accommodation, is now in course of erection. No doubt the extension of the already magnificent premises is largely due to the remarkable series of successes achieved this year by "Continentials" in important racing competitions.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

No sooner had the newspapers decided that the Morocco question was at an end than it was announced that Italy had determined to seize Tripoli. This makes one further trouble to be faced. It is much more serious than people imagine, for it is almost certain that the Turk will not surrender Tripoli without a fight. The Near East question is so complicated that the Turk feels that he has only to begin war to drag in Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro, not to speak of Greece, Albania, and Macedonia. It will require the greatest self-restraint on the part of the Powers to prevent the squabble becoming a European conflict. There was never any danger that Morocco would end in a war, because both nations had agreed to make it a question of bargaining. But there is no question of bargaining about Tripoli. The Young Turk appeals to the patriotism of the nation, and as the Turk does not lack courage a fight seems almost a certainty. The immediate effect of the Tripoli question was seen in a fall in both Turkish and Italian stocks—a fall that

is likely to make still further progress. The Bank of Egypt has for a long time past been in a very precarious position, but all hopes of saving a crash were put an end to by a run which took place in Egypt as soon as the Tripoli question was mooted in Cairo. The Egyptians realised that there might be trouble in Egypt, and certain of the more nervous took the precaution of withdrawing their funds from the banks. As the Bank of Egypt was not in a position to stand any run at all, and as the £750,000 that was on its way to Egypt had not arrived, the unfortunate directors had to issue a notice on Tuesday to the effect that they were compelled to suspend payment. It is impossible to say what the position of this bank is at the present moment. At the end of December it had only about £300,000 cash in hand, and owed about two millions to depositors and about a million and three-quarters on acceptances. But the end of December is always a bad period at which to take the position of an Egyptian Bank, for it is right in the middle of the cotton movement. A statement will, therefore, be eagerly looked for.

It is said that the National Bank is ready to take over the depositors, and it is also stated by the officials of the Bank of Egypt that the assets are more than sufficient to pay the shareholders 20s. in the pound, and the creditors in full. It is sincerely to be hoped that such is the case. But whether this good fortune will come to pass, or whether there will be a heavy loss, the shock to banking credit is severe. The bank has never recovered from the muddle its late manager, Luzatto, succeeded in dragging it into. For some years past the officials have had infinite trouble in straightening out the affairs of the bank, and only last February £200,000 was taken from the reserve to write off depreciations. Strong feeling is exhibited in the City at the action of the directors in paying a dividend. The bank directors are, of course, in a very awkward position. If the directors of the Bank of Egypt had passed the dividend there would probably have been an immediate run on the bank, and they no doubt hoped that they would be enabled to keep up the credit of the bank and escape from their difficulties. This is now proved impossible. All Egyptian banks trade upon far too little cash, and all of them have to borrow largely from England in order to finance the cotton crop. English banks are chary of lending money to Egypt, and when the Bank of Egypt wanted help it found it quite impossible to obtain it. It is very difficult at the moment to know how the failure will affect other banking institutions. It is to be hoped that there will be no more nervousness on the part of the Egyptians, otherwise we may see other Egyptian banking institutions in difficulties.

MONEY.—The autumn squeeze has set in early, and almost every bank on the Continent has raised its rate. With the exception of London, where the stock of gold in the banks is, if anything, a little above the average, the Continental banks are all of them very short. Even the great Bank of France itself has lost large sums during the past year, whilst the other French banks are certainly trading on far too small a supply of coin. Both the *Crédit Lyonnais* and the *Société Générale* are satisfied with between 7 and 8 per cent., which is a third less than our London banks consider safe. The German banks get along with a little under 10 per cent., and this is also too small except in days of peace. The credit of all these great banks is, however, very strong. The only thing is that they somewhat overstrain it. The failure of Hellings, the money broker, is now announced. He was a very popular and well-known figure in the City, and everybody will sympathise with him.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market was upset over the Tripoli incident, but, taken all round, it soon recovered, and on Tuesday there was actually some buying of both Tintos and Perus. It is very doubtful, however, whether we shall see any revival here until foreign affairs have quietened down.

HOME RAILS.—The ridiculously over-sold position in the Home Railway market caused a considerable amount of buying back, and this, combined with a certain amount of investment buying, sent up prices with a bound. There has been a very substantial rise during the week, which was

more than justified by the remarkable progress made by the railways. The Stock Exchange still sneers at Home Railways, but it is evident that the complete failure of the A.S.R.S. to control the Irish has damaged that Society very seriously, and now the general feeling is that there will be no more trouble with the railway men in England. No body of men can set themselves against public opinion, and public opinion is distinctly in favour of legislation which makes a railway strike both illegal and impossible. It looks more than likely that railway quotations will go back to the old figures, although it is doubtful whether the dividends for the current half-year will be as good as we expected. Indeed it will be almost impossible for the companies to make any increase on last year.

YANKEES.—The rot in American Rails continues. Every now and then the market is steadied, but the steadiness of one day is always followed by a slump on another. Investors and speculators alike appear to be completely scared at the idea of further trust legislation. It would seem almost impossible to split up some of the trusts, so complicated are their finances. The American Tobacco Company finds it hopeless, and even the United States Attorney has given up the task. The liquidation will therefore take place under the sanction of the Court. There are a dozen trusts in the United States, most of them prosperous and well-managed trading concerns, and if all of them are attacked in the way the Standard Oil was attacked it will be hopeless to expect any revival in the American Market. Trade in the United States is also falling off, and as the big bankers wish to show the politician in the worst possible light, a small slump every now and then just suits their book.

RUBBER.—The Rubber reports that have appeared during the past week have all been quite good. The Rubana is excellent, and although the shares are rather high and the return not good enough for a tropical plantation, those who got in at par are not likely to sell. There has been a great deal of fuss made about the Mabira Forest, which most unfortunately paid a dividend some time ago, and has been unable to continue a distribution. The circular just issued tells us that the Mabira plantations now contain nearly 236,000 trees, of which nearly half are Hevea. But the circular does not tell us whether the output of rubber is obtained from the wild *Funtumia* or from the cultivated growth. Mabira is an interesting proposition, but highly speculative. Rotterdam-Deli Hevea, which was highly praised on its flotation, has now held its statutory meeting. The chairman was enabled to state that the company had been over-subscribed and had over one thousand shareholders. He also stated that the Rotterdam-Deli Maatschappij had deposited £20,000 in joint names in order to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. for four years. The Rotterdam Vendor Company is now planting at the rate of 50,000 trees a year, and will continue to do so for the next four years. Therefore, the future prospects of this company are extremely good. Sungei Matang is offering £20,000 $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures. It has 730 acres planted and 237 acres felled and ready for planting. But it will not begin tapping until 1912. Its output is estimated at £17,500. Sungei Matang belongs to the Cattenach group. The debentures have been underwritten so that the company is now secure of a much-wanted working capital. The rubber-market still remains very dull.

OIL.—Nothing further has been published about Lobitos, but the shares remain firm. Spies are also inquired for, notwithstanding the fact that the output has lately shown signs of falling off. It is expected that the next few months will bring in some fresh wells, and at the end of the six months there will be almost as much oil sold as was sold last half-year. The price is now 28 coopecks, at which there is a magnificent profit. I think, therefore, that Spies will have no difficulty in maintaining its dividend. Shells are on the whole weak, and Maikop shares are most of them unsaleable. The companies have no money, and many of them now find that their ground is sterile.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffirs have had quite a little jump, and some Kaffir shares have been a fairly strong market. City Deeps, Rand Mines, and Modders appear to be the favourites. There

is no doubt that there was a large bear account in Kaffirs, and that the shops came in and supported most of their specialities. It is difficult to say whether the public is in or not, but on the whole I should think that most of the dealings have been professional.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians have been steadily purchased, and the option dealers in Chartered who have been buying options and then selling a bear against them now appear to have become frightened. It looks very much as though we should see a rise throughout this market. There is a great deal of talk, and it is said that the big Rhodesian houses have been distributing calls on shares to their various friends in the Press. As all the Rhodesian houses have hundreds of thousands of shares to sell, they can do this without hurting themselves very much. The dealers, who know quite well that every big company has a stack full of shares to dispose of, have been rash enough to sell short, and it is probably principally due to the buying back of the bears that the rise has come about. However, the improvement in the mining market has given a much better tone to the whole Stock Exchange, which, of course, subsists mainly upon gambling.

MISCELLANEOUS.—London General Omnibus shares have jumped to 114 on very definite statements as to the dividend. No doubt the ordinary shareholders will at last receive a distribution, for the directors are much more keen on paying dividends than on writing down for depreciation. Hudson Bays have also recovered, and the Miscellaneous Market has improved all round. The Liebig shareholders are to be offered a 5 per cent. debenture in one of the Liebig South American subsidiaries. There will be no difficulty in placing the issue, for the Liebig firm is one of the best-managed industrials in England, and is strongly supported by the very wealthy people who hold its shares. Quite apart from this, the issue would appear to be thoroughly sound.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCOTTISH SUNDAYS AND GOLF

SIR,—The views held as to a Scottish Sunday by "An English Visitor" are not peculiar to himself, but they show a regrettable degree of ignorance of his subject. He approaches the topic apparently without any intention of trying to find a bright side to the picture. Indeed, the want of sympathy he displays is the chief characteristic of his remarks. He does not state if his experience of Scotland has extended beyond the golf-links at North Berwick, about which he writes with considerable humour, and there are not wanting indications that they formed, if not the furthest limits of his travels, at any rate their principal object, and that for the rest he has made use, to some extent, of his imagination. The picture that he draws of a Scottish village plunged in solitude and drink certainly does not represent North Berwick, which, as he admits, becomes at this season of the year the favoured haunt of Prime Ministers and duchesses; but neither does it represent anywhere else in Scotland to-day. The general accusation he makes is quite unwarranted. The modern Scottish village Sunday is probably very much like that of any English village of the same kind. There are certainly plenty of people about on Sunday afternoon; in fact the difficulty is frequently to find any solitude, and the suggestion that Scots men and women shut themselves in their houses on Sunday is without foundation except in so far as it refers to those who dedicate their Sunday afternoon to slumber, a class which is very far from being extinct in England, though apparently the "English Visitor" has no sympathy with it.

His other charge, that of the prevalence of secret Sunday drinking as a marked Scottish characteristic, is not only false, but mischievous. No one denies that some does take place, but it is mostly among those who would indulge in it even if they were offered every possible counter-attraction. It would be interesting to know from what data he has drawn his conclusions on this matter, as it is allowable to presume that it is not from ocular evidence. Perhaps, since he is no doubt aware that no

public-houses are open on Sunday for ordinary purposes, he has performed the experiment he speaks of, and "lifted the roofs of some of the pious cottages"! If he has done so, it is not unlikely that he has come across some members of that class, for which Scotland is no less famous than for its golf, who give their leisure hours (and frequently these are few during the week-days) to the study of noble literature and the cultivation of their intellectual life.

If our "English Visitor's" facts are distorted his history is positively shocking. It is to be feared that it is a case of pure ignorance. If he glances at any Life of John Knox, he will discover to his amazement that the features of the Scottish Sabbath which he deprecates are not in any sense a "legacy from John Knox," but are a product of a much later date. He will even find strong evidence that John Knox did what he himself is so anxious to do, and played golf on Sunday!

It is possible to believe that this is his real trouble, that he could not get his game of golf on Sunday. Here he has indeed a genuine grievance, though not to such an extent as he would have us believe. He has apparently not made friends with the "city men and Government officials" of Edinburgh, or they would have taken him to golf at Muirfield, three miles from North Berwick, on Sunday, or, if he was staying in Edinburgh, to Barton. It is true that he would not have been able to hire a caddie at either of these places, but it is surely not a bad principle in regulating a man's Sunday amusements to see that they shall enforce labour on as few others as possible. Surely he would not deny the caddie the right to spend his Sunday in amusement too! Again, when he pleads for Sunday play on North Berwick links, he takes the worst example conceivable, for there, if anywhere, the treatment the course receives throughout the week warrants the reproof of old Tom Morris to some Southerners wishing to play at St. Andrews: "If you dinna wish a rest on the Sawbath, the links dae." Apart from these criticisms, most educated people in Scotland will agree with "English Visitor" that it would be a good thing if there was more opportunity for reasonable amusement on Sunday, not so much for men like him, who have presumably been spending the whole of the preceding week on the golf-links, but for the workers of all classes, whose hours of labour and the shortness of the light on autumn evenings will not allow to spend in healthy pleasure at other times. This is often called a pleasure-loving age, and to those (and they are not few) who consider this tendency by no means wholly an evil one, some further extension in imitation, though not slavish imitation, of English and Continental models would be very welcome.

"English Visitor" and other English visitors may be inclined to look upon these criticisms as the outcome of an inherent Scottish self-esteem. There are many in Scotland, however, among whom the writer would like to number himself, who are proud of their country and of Scottish characteristics and yet strive not to be, what the delightful Christina McNab was called with considerable truth, "damned Scotch." They welcome criticism, and do not "keep up the colossal bluff of superior virtues over their sacrilegious neighbours across the Border," but they are apt to pay more attention to such criticism when it is applied with a little more sympathy and experience than "English Visitor" has brought to the task.—I am, yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE NATIVES.

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What an interesting article! And so true! These plays do begin seriously and then go off in farce. It is disappointing, but inevitable. The theme cannot be dealt with on the stage, nor off it either, it seems to me.

The mastery of the wife by her husband—it has engaged many minds in many ages. As a woman, it is, of course, of especial interest to me. In my opinion men are too weak and lax altogether nowadays, and that is why women are becoming so rebellious and discontented. The ogre's wife ought, I think, to have had a good whipping; her husband was far too lenient. I am not joking; I seriously mean this. Why should the higher life of a good, sensible man be ruined by a worthless woman, when a simple remedy lies in the application of a birch rod? There were no perplexed husbands in the days of our ancestors, for they knew how to deal with woman.

Our nature is not changed; we may kick and struggle and try to get the upper hand, but we love to be ruled. This instinct may be begotten of centuries of slavery, but there it is, and we cannot get rid of it. I think that we have gone too far in our

total abolition of physical punishment for an unruly wife. Truly in olden days chastisement was often too severe, although sanctioned and encouraged by law and religion. Literature is full of cruel instances—see Boccaccio, and the "Mare's Skin" play on which Shakespeare founded his "Taming of the Shrew," where an unruly wife is dragged into a cellar, stripped and whipped severely *all over* her body, salt rubbed into her wounds, and then tied up in a mare's skin and left there. Yet this met with public approval—not condemnation.

The swing of the pendulum has brought us to a state of affairs in which the mildest caning of a perverse woman would be regarded as almost a crime! Now this is absurd. *Moderation* is a higher and nobler thing than *Abolition*. We get at truth in the happy mean (as Aristotle says), and I hold with chastisement in moderation.

I know perfectly well that to the modern man any form of wife-beating is the Crime of Crimes. With poor arguments and *sham* chivalry he bolsters up his views, thus making a rod for his own back. He will break his wife's heart with cruelty and neglect, but he will not give her a few minutes' smarting for her own good! Open and honourable punishment he shrinks from; but he does not forget to indulge in spite and revenge and sulkiness. No wonder we have grown to have contempt for men. They have ceased to be masters since they abandoned the cane, and they will never be our masters again until they resume chastisement.

I decline to believe that all the good and just men of the past were misguided. Why even Sir Thomas More advocates the chastisement of perverse wives. Aristotle—the wisest of men—said "The husband governs his wife because it is his due"! And women, he tells us, are "natural" slaves among those who do not "obey reason," and therefore must be "corrected by pain, like beasts of burden." This is forcible enough. Can he have been quite mistaken? No! facts are with him.

A friend of mine made her husband wretched for five years, until he could stand it no longer, and then he whipped her as one whips an unruly child. He thought she would leave him; but no! she has begged his pardon, and promised better behaviour. What a fool he has been! He knows better now. I fear you are quite horrified; but these are a woman's views.—Yours truly,

CLARA BEESLEY.

8, Pembroke-road, Bristol, September 23rd, 1911.

P.S.—The man who flirts with his typist ("A Perplexed Husband") in order to bring his wife into proper subjection is a cowardly brute, full of petty revenge. If this is the modern man's mode of punishing his wife I call it most insulting and unworthy of the lords of creation! One can but have contempt for such a coward. Good heavens!—excuse me—we would rather be whipped ten times over than insulted like this. But the modern man is full of all this. Not a real ruler with the power of punishment, he seeks to get the better of us by contemptible means. A wife asks him to get tickets for the theatre; he replies he can't get any; and when he has retired to his club she remembers that she showed some temper yesterday, and said some nasty things—alas! *we can do it!*—and this is *revenge*!

She goes to a party, and all the evening he flirts with another woman. She cannot understand it until she recalls a recent act of disobedience. So this is *spite*!

He will take a walk in dogged silence to revenge an offence. He gives a favourite kitten to a neighbour. "Oh! I didn't know you wanted it." And so on. Yes, he will break his wife's heart with refined and subtle cruelty, but that does not matter, because *no one can see it*!

Such a man shrinks in horror from the punishment that would make his wife respect him. Oh, inconsistent man! Your methods are quite past my understanding—and your own too.

That a wife should be under the physical control of her husband awakens in me (an educated woman) no horror at all. It is part of our sex instinct. I am sorry if it is wrong, but I cannot get rid of it.

AUTHORS OR LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am engaged on a new edition of my father's book "Sappho," and desire to trace the address of certain authors whose permission to quote from their works I seek, and therefore

subjoin this first list to see if any one can tell me their addresses, and thank you for your courtesy and remain, yours faithfully,

LEONARD C. WHARTON.

31, Greville Road, London, N.W., September 23rd, 1911.

E. G. Harman, "Poems from Horace," &c. Dent, 1897.

W. G. Headlam, "Book of Greek Verse." Cambs, 1907.

A. Dickison, "Tychiades." T. F. Unwin, 1903.

BOXING IN THE OLDEN TIME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now that the sporting world is so profoundly interested in the forthcoming pugilistic combat between the chosen champions of the white and black races, it is somewhat curious that I have lately unearthed a document among the Chapter muniments here of the reign of Henry III. which shows that boxing was then a well-recognised and public pastime. I append my *précis* of the deed:—

Grant from Roger Pille, of Westminster, to William de Aulton, Cook, and Cecily his wife, daughter of Dulcy Perkyns, of Westminster, of one messuage in Westminster at Tothill ("ex opposito placee in qua Campiones solent pugnare"), at a yearly rent of one clove of garlic. Witnesses: John de Karliolo, John de La Chersyng, Cisson, John de Eya, and others. Temp. Henr. III. White Seal.

A few years ago I published another document of the Commonwealth period, which stated that golf was the usual sport of Westminster gentlemen in Tothill Fields at that time.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD J. L. SCOTT, D.Litt., M.A. Oxon, Keeper of
the Muniments, Westminster Abbey.
Muniments Room, Westminster Abbey, S.W.,
September 19, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- A King of Vagabonds.* By Beth Ellis. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
The Twymans: a Tale of Youth. By Henry Newbolt. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
Agnes of Edinburgh. By Margaret Armour. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
The Yacht of Dreams. By Frank Morton. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
The Bride of Dutton Market. By Marie C. Leighton. With Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
Delphine Carfrey. By Mrs. George Norman. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Wandering of Desire. By E. Charles Vivian. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Good Boy Seldom: A Romance of Advertisement. By Oliver Onions. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Dormant. By E. Nesbit. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Danger Zone. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
Taken from the Enemy. By Henry Newbolt. New Edition. Illustrated by Gerald Leake. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.
The Position of Peggy Harper. By Leonard Merrick. With Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
Miss Rovel. By Victor Cherbuliez. With Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.
Une Nichee de Gentilhommes, Mœurs de la Vie de Province en Russie. By Ivan Tourguéneff. With Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.
The Fruitful Vine. By Robert Hichens. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
The Shaping of Lavinia. By F. Britten Austin. Constable and Co. 6s.
The Missing Millionaire. By Christopher Wilson. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
Richard Somers. By H. Grahame Richards. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
Life. By W. B. Trites. Wyman and Sons. 6s.
Wind on the Heath. By Essex Smith. John Lane. 6s.
Vagabond City. By Winifred Boggs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
The Story of Quamin. A Tale of the Tropics. By May Harvey Drummond. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.
The Young Idea: A Neighbourhood Chronicle. By Parker H. Fillmore. Illustrated by Rose C. O'Neill. John Lane. 6s.

- The Lifted Latch.* By George Vane. John Lane. 6s.
God and the King. By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Thanks to Sanderson. By W. Pett Ridge. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Desmond Rourke, Irishman. By John Haslette. S. Low and Co. 6s.
Every Dog his Day. By Harold Avery. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Compleat Oxford Man.* By A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Preface by Cosmo Hamilton. Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.
On the Wallaby Through Victoria. By E. M. Clowes. Illustrated. Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.
Zionist Work in Palestine by Various Authorities. Edited by Israel Cohen. With a Foreword by David Wolffsohn. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.
The Surgeon's Log: Being Impressions of the Far East. By J. Johnston Abraham. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
Masters of English Literature: De Quincey. Edited by Sidney Low. G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
Wheat-Growing in Canada, the United States, and the Argentine, including Comparisons with other Areas. By W. P. Rutter. With Maps and Charts. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.
Report for the Years 1909 and 1910 on the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Bethnal Green Museum. Wyman and Sons. 6d.
My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad. By J. E. Patterson. Portrait Frontispiece. Wm. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.
My Tropic Isle. By E. J. Banfield. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
A Study of Indian Economics. By Pramathanath Banerjee, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
In the March and Borderland of Wales—Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouth. By A. G. Bradley. Illustrated by W. M. Meredith. Constable and Co. 5s. net.
In the March and Borderland of Wales—Glamorgan and Gower. By A. G. Bradley. Illustrated by W. M. Meredith. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
The New Guide to Bristol and Clifton and the Bristol Channel. Edited by James Baker, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 1s. net.
Between Two Worlds. By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell. Alexander Moring. 5s. net.
Specimens of Bushman Folklore. Collected by the late W. H. T. Black, Ph.D., and L. C. Lloyd. Edited by the latter, with an Introduction by George McCall Theal, LL.D. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 21s. net.
Puppets: A Work-a-Day Philosophy. By George Forbes, F.R.S. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
India and the Durbar: A Reprint of the Indian Articles in the Empire Day Edition of "The Times," May 24th, 1911. Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.
English Poetry: An Induction. By W. Winslow Hall, M.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
Phases of Dickens: The Man, his Message, and his Mission. By J. Cuming Walters. With Portrait. Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.
Plays for Amateurs and Home Reading: Dickens's Humour. Adapted by C. M. Tucker. Stead's Publishing House. 1s. 6d.
Old Indian Trails: Incidents of Camp and Trail Life Covering Two Years' Exploration through the Rocky Mountains of Canada. By Mary T. S. Schäffer. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.
The Letters of an Englishman. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
The Diamond. By W. R. Catelle. Illustrated. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.
A History of British Mammals, Part VIII. By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton. Illustrated by E. A. Wilson. Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
Poetry and Prose: being Essays on Modern English Poetry. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. Constable and Co. 6s. net.
A Woman in Canada. By Mrs. George Cran. Popular Edition. Illustrated. W. J. Ham-Smith. 3s. 6d. net.
A New Theory of Value, with Application to the "Strikes" and Other Current Interests. By a Practical Business Man. The Chiswick Press. 6d. net.
Organised Games for the Playground. By Robert S. Wood. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

- The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Freshwater Sponges, Hydroids, and Polyzoa.* By N. Annandale, D.Sc. Illustrated. Taylor and Francis.
An Analysis of the Church of St. Mary, Cholesy, in the County of Berkshire. By F. J. Cole, D.Sc. Illustrated. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 5s. net.
Java, Sumatra, and the other Islands of the Dutch East Indies. By A. Cabaton. Translated, and with a Preface, by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
My First Summer in the Sierra. By John Muir. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Casuals in the Caucasus: The Diary of a Sporting Holiday. By Agnes Herbert. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
The Invaded Solitude. By Magdalen Rawlins. Gowans and Gray, Glasgow. 2s. 6d. net.
Belgium of the Belgians. By Demetrius C. Boulger. Illustrated. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 6s. net.
L'Altare della Patria e l'Arte di Arturo Dazzi. By Guido Guida. Illustrated. G. Ugo Nalato, Rome.
Medical Science of To-day. By Willmot Evans, M.D. Illustrated. Seeley, Service and Co. 5s. net.
The Magic of Spain. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. John Lane. 5s. net.
Across South America: an Account of a Journey from Buenos Aires to Lima by Way of Potosi, With Notes on Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Peru. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.
Gorboduc; or, Ferrex and Porrex. By H. A. Watt, Ph.D. (Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, No. 351.) Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A. 40 cents.
Medal System in Elementary Schools. By J. J. Faragher, B.A. New Edition. Liverpool Booksellers' Company. 3d.
Sandgate Illustrated. Compiled by F. A. Gane. F. J. Parsons, Folkestone. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Studi di Storia Orientale. Vol. I.: Islám e Cristianesimo. L'Arabia preislamica gli Arabi antichi.* By Leone Caetani. With Maps. Ulrico Hoepli, Milan. 8 lire.
Seven Splendid Sinners. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. Illustrated. Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.
A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. I. J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.
Memories: Personages, People, Places. By Henry G. Huntington. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 21s. net.

VERSE

- More Gordon League Ballads: Dramatic Stories in Verse.* By Jim's Wife (Mrs. Clement Nugent Jackson). Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d.
The Inn of Dreams. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas). John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Here and Hereafter. By Constance Goodwin. David Nutt. 1s. net.
The Embassy of the Muses. By H. P. Baker. Published by the Author, at 92, Lower-road, Rotherhithe. 3d.
The City of the Soul. By Lord Alfred Douglas. Third Edition. John Lane. 5s. net.
Fifty Poems. By John Freeman. Herbert and Daniel. 1s. net.
New Poems. By Katharine Tynan. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.
At the Silver Gate. By John Vance Cheney. Illustrated. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$5.35 net.

JUVENILE

- Sylvia's Travels.* By Constance Armfield. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. J. M. Dent and Son. 6s. net.
Pinocchio, the Tale of a Puppet. By C. Collodi. Translated from the Italian by M. A. Murray. Illustrated by Charles Forward. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.
The Hero of Heroes: A Life of Christ for Young People. By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Illustrated by James Clark, R.I. Jarrold and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

- Atlantic Monthly; Good Health; Windsor Magazine; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Travellers' Gazette; The Bookseller; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Parsé, Bombay; The Publishers' Circular; Revue Blue; The Smart Set.*

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